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Percy Society

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Percy Society.

EARLY ENGLISH POETRY,
BALLADS,
AND POPULAR LITERATURE
OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

EDITED FROM ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPTS
AND SCARCE PUBLICATIONS.

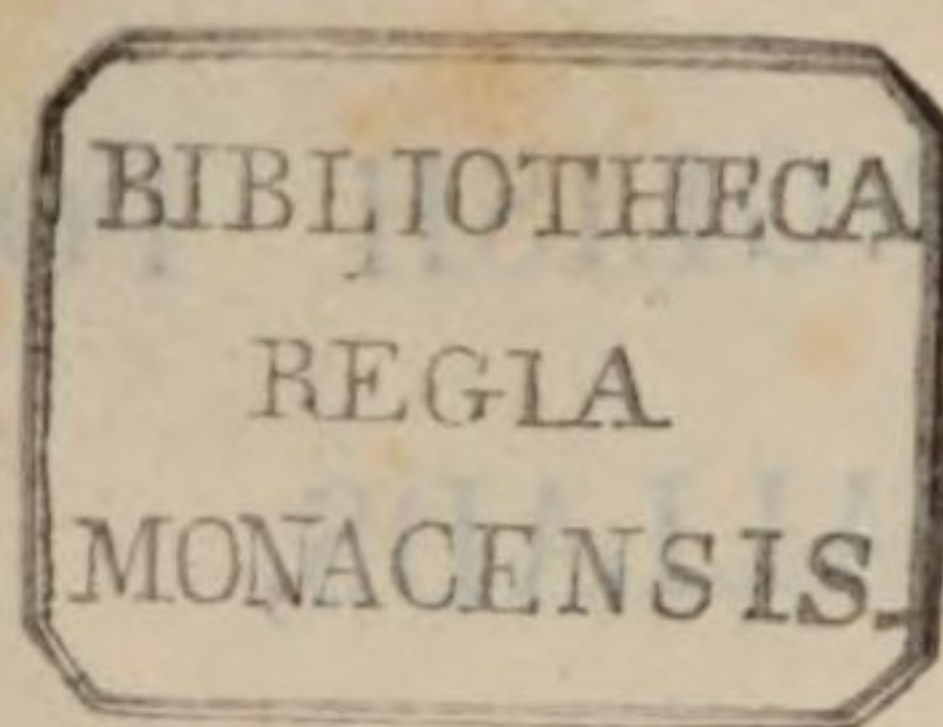
VOL. XXI.

LONDON.

PRINTED FOR THE PERCY SOCIETY,
BY T. RICHARDS, ST. MARTIN'S LANE.

M.DCCC.XLVII.

Early Society



AND TOPICAL LITERATURE

OF THE MIDDLE AGES

EDITED FROM ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPTS
AND OTHER SOURCES

VOL. XXI

LONDON

PRINTED FOR THE EARLY SOCIETY

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W. B. ST.

CONTENTS OF VOL. XXI.

POPULAR SONGS,

ETC.

POPULAR SONGS, ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE
FRENCH INVASIONS OF IRELAND.

IN FOUR PARTS.

EDITED BY T. CROFTON CROKER, ESQ. F.S.A.

CONTENTS OF VOL. XXI.

FOREIGN BONES, ALLEGEDLY FOR THE
FRENCH INVASION OF IRELAND.
IN FOUR PARTS.

PRINTED BY J. JOHNSON, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.

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ETC.

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1861

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POPULAR SONGS,
ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE FRENCH
INVASIONS OF IRELAND.

PART I.

EDITED, WITH INTRODUCTIONS AND NOTES, BY

T. CROFTON CROKER.

He that England would win,
Must with Ireland first begin.

Old Proverb.

“ Mais il ne considère l'Irlande que comme le chemin de Londres.
Life of General Hoche.

LONDON.

REPRINTED FOR THE PERCY SOCIETY,

BY T. RICHARDS, 100, ST. MARTIN'S LANE.

M.DCCC.XLV.

POPULAR SONGS

ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE IRISH

INVASIONS OF IRELAND

PART I

EDITED BY J. CHURCHILL

LONDON

PRINTED BY J. CHURCHILL

AT THE SIGN OF THE LION

IN THE STRAND

AND BY THE SIGN OF THE LION

IN THE STRAND

LONDON

PRINTED FOR THE IRISH SOCIETY

BY J. CHURCHILL

AT THE SIGN OF THE LION

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ADVERTISEMENT.

WHEN the Editor brought under the consideration of the Council of the Percy Society the interest which might be attached, in an historical point of view, to any collection of popular songs; and at the moment offered as an example, a Collection illustrative of the French Invasions of Ireland; the Council took him at his word, and so readily adopted the suggestion, that in order to gain time, he proposed reprinting anemmoir of Thurot, from the very rare pamphlet referred to in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for March 1760, [vol. xxx.] p. 110, as a desirable introduction to the period at which he proposed to commence his task.

To this proposition the Council, after some discussion as to whether reprinting pamphlets of this nature came within the views of the Society, most kindly assented, in order to meet the wish of the editor. Should any question, therefore, arise upon the propriety of the proceeding, he must

request that this act of the Council may be indulgently considered as a personal favour towards himself.

With respect to the three parts intended to follow, the Editor has merely to observe that they are the natural divisions of the subject.

No. II will contain such songs as he has been able to collect illustrative of Thurot's capture of Carrickfergus, in 1760.

No. III will illustrate, by the same means, the French invasion of Bantry bay, in 1796; and—

No. IV the landing of the French at Killala, in 1798.

T. C. C.

Rosamond's Bower,

Fulham.

25th January 1845.

GENUINE and CURIOUS
M E M O I R S
Of the FAMOUS
Captain Thurot.

Written by the Reverend
JOHN FRANCIS DURAND.

With some of Monsieur THUROT's Original
Letters to that Gentleman, now in *England*.

To which is added,

A much more faithful and particular Account
than has hitherto been published, of his
Proceedings since his sailing from the
Coast of *France*, Oct. 18, 1759.

*He was a Man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his Like again.*

SHAKESPEAR.

L O N D O N.

Printed for *J. Burd*, at the *Temple-Exchange* Coffee-
House, and *J. Williams*, under *St. Dunstan's*
Church, Fleetstreet, 1760.

[Price One Shilling.]

MEMOIRS

OF THE LAMONS

Captain Thibot

By the Hon. the

JOHN FRANCIS DUNN

With a view of the Hon. the Thibot's
conduct in the late war in America

To which is added

A short and faithful and particular Account
of the late Thibot's last conduct, of his
conduct in the late war in America
and of his death, Oct. 16, 1779.

By the Hon. the Thibot's
conduct in the late war in America
and of his death, Oct. 16, 1779.

LONDON

Printed by A. Millar, in Strand, opposite to the
Royal Academy of Arts, in Pall Mall
and by W. Wood, in St. Paul's Church-yard
in London, 1780.

GENUINE AND CURIOUS MEMOIRS,

ETC.

OF all the affections of the human mind, there is not one, perhaps, which acts upon it with greater force, than curiosity; and this principle is never so powerfully excited in us, as when any person appears in the world, whose conduct, by some means or other, becomes the subject of public conversation.

From that moment, almost every man grows interested in his affairs, and if (as is often, nay, commonly the case) the birth and former life of the object of our inquiries have happened to be obscure, it only makes us the more inquisitive, and eager to learn something, (no matter what) which in appearance, at least, may gratify the ardent desire we have to be acquainted with his private circumstances.

This spirit is extremely predominant in these our British Islands; not to mention the accounts which are constantly printed of the birth, parentage, and education of every malefactor that is executed at Tyburn, which accounts are always bought up with avidity, and must, therefore, be highly acceptable to

the public ; I could give an hundred strange and very recent instances of the uncommon warmth with which we English pursue the kind of knowledge I am here speaking of.

Now there are a society of auricular biographers, who either through the vanity of being thought wiser than their neighbours, or through a willingness to gratify the demands of their friends, though at the expense of veracity, are always ready upon those occasions, to answer whatever questions are put to them ; and as their chief fund is invention, they will tell you the father, mother, country, occupation and religion of a person, though they know no more of him than of the Cham of Tartary ; nay, some of these extemporary historians will, in the heat of their narratives, descend to the most minute particulars, and tell you the most trifling and most secret transactions of a man's private life ; by which lies and absurdities are heaped upon one another, till truth is almost impossible to be come at.

I do not remember, that for a great while these geniuses have exercised their talents of intelligence in a larger field than of late ; Monsieur Thurot has been an happy subject for them, and our newspapers have been very faithful retailers of their several accounts.

In the course of a few weeks I have known him to be an Scotchman, an Englishman, and an Hibernian ; he was successively the young pretender, a reformed pirate, and a bastard of the blood royal of France ; and I make no doubt, that if he had kept the seas a

little longer, he would in his turn have been the brother of the Grand Turk, or the nephew of the Pope of Rome, unless the newspapers had thought fit to give us broad hints that he was those very great personages themselves in disguise.

But let us see what we can gather from Thurot himself, from his behaviour I mean, to tell us what he was; why, that will inform us, which is all that the generality of the world knows of him, that he was one of the bravest, the most humane, and best accomplished commanders of the age in which he lived; that will inform us that he was an honour to his country, though his country should be Lapland, or the deserts of Arabia; and that however meanly he might be descended, his actions have ennobled and made him illustrious. Perhaps his ancestors are but obscure, yet posterity shall never forget him, while the merit of a soldier is in esteem.

The person who is now employed in writing these papers, was long and intimately acquainted with the extraordinary man of whom he is about to treat; several letters written with Thurot's own hand are at present lying before him, and it is out of regard to his memory, and as a mark of the friendship which he had for him while living, that he is prevailed upon to take up the pen, in order to give the public such an account of him, as from a strict intimacy with him might be supposed to come to his knowledge. This he is certain of, that he will allege nothing but what he gathered from Thurot's own mouth, and in that case,

nothing but what may well be taken for the closest matters of fact.

The famous Captain Thurot, who has of late taken up so much of the discourse of these three kingdoms, was neither an English, an Irish, nor a Scotchman, but was born at Boulogne, in France, his father and mother being both natives of the same place. But he was of Irish extraction; his grandfather, whose name was Farrel, and was a captain in the Irish army under King James the Second, going off with that prince from Ireland.

I remember that when Captain Thurot was here in England, he shewed me a small gold buckle, with four diamonds in it, which King James had given to his grandfather upon the following occasion:—

When his majesty took water at Duncannonfort, in the county of Wexford in Ireland, in order to make the best of his way to France, just as he got into the boat, the wind being very high, his hat was blown into the water; however, such was his hurry to be gone, that he would not let his people delay to take it up again; upon which Captain Farrel presented his Majesty his hat, and the king, when they came to the house, instead of returning it, ordered that Farrel should have one of his own royal beavers, (in the band of which was the before-mentioned buckle), saying at the same time, with his usual insensibility, that though he could not keep a crown by the help of the Irish, he had got a hat.

During King James the Second's life, and residence

at St. Germain's, Captain Farrel was one of his household, either gentleman of the bed-chamber to his majesty or the queen ; and while he attended upon the abdicated monarch, he paid his address to Mademoiselle Thurot, whose uncle was a member of the parliament of Paris.

He married her, but so great was the displeasure of all the young lady's friends, that none of them would look upon her ; and three years after the death of his royal master, poor Farrel was at Boulogne, where he retired in hopes that some of his wife's relations living there would have more compassion than those he had left in the metropolis ; but he was mistaken, for here he had no money to live upon but a very small pension which Queen Catherine allowed to all the discharged servants of the deceased King.

At Boulogne our Thurot's father was born, but not till three months after his own father's death, nor did Madam Farrel herself outlive her husband much above a year, so that the boy being taken by his mother's relations, on who alone he was to hope for maintenance and preferment. When he grew up he went by their name, and there we may account for the puzzling difference between the names of Farrel and Thurot, and find some weak foundation for the many false reports that have gone about of late concerning Thurot's nation and quality.

Old Thurot is now alive at Boulogne ; I cannot say that I know much of his circumstances, though I have often heard his son speak of him with much reverence

and affection, and have seen letters from the old gentleman to him.

To the best of my knowledge Captain Thurot told me, his father was originally bred to the law; but I am particularly sure of the circumstance of his having had three wives, the second of which was called Picard, a vintner's daughter, and this was the mother of our Thurot.

She died in child-birth of him, and a remarkable accident happened at his christening, to which he in a great measure owed his late high fortune.

While his father held him at the font to be made a member of the Christian church, his mother was receiving the last office, that of sepulture, without in the church-yard; this had such an effect upon Thurot, who had been a very tender husband, that the tears streamed from his eyes in great abundance.

It is the custom in Roman Catholic countries about Christmas, at which season of the year this happened, for ladies of the first distinction to go into churches, and offer themselves as sponsors for whatever children are brought to be baptized.

One Madame Tallard, a woman of great rank and fortune, was now standing for little Thurot, and observing the extreme agony in which the father of the child appeared, inquired what was the cause of it; the priest informed her.

She was touched with so melancholy an occasion, it put her upon asking some more particulars about the family of Thurot; she made him a handsome present,

and desired, that if the boy should live till she returned again into those parts, he might be sent to see her. During Captain Thurot's infancy, and till he was a well-grown lad, he received many instances of friendship from his kind godmother, but it was not till within these very few years that he experienced those very essential ones from her family, which to him, however, ended only in glory.

I have already said that Thurot's grandfather was an Irishman. When our hero was about fifteen years of age, one Farrel came to Boulogne, who by some means or other, got acquainted with old Thurot, and learning the origin of the family, claimed relationship.

This man was the commander of a vessel, and used to smuggle goods; he assured old Thurot that the house of the O'Farrels was still a flourishing house in Connaught, and offered, if he would let his young son go over with him, to make his fortune.

The lad was extremely sprightly, uncommonly beautiful, and of a great courage; he had been taught to read and write, which was all his father could do for him; besides, he was now married to another wife, and had a growing family, so that he was glad to provide for him at any rate; therefore, without much reluctance, accepted of Captain Farrel's proposals.

Young Thurot was equipped at the expense of his Irish cousin, and set out with a light heart and a thin pair of breeches; they were bound for Limerick, in the west of Ireland, but stopped at the Isle of Man upon some business of the smugglers. And here young

Thurot taking some disgust, refused to follow his cousin O'Farrel any farther.

It is a much easier matter to get a footing in the Isle of Man, than to get off from it; and after Farrel had sailed away, which he did in a passion, as we may well suppose, with Thurot, it was some time before a ship bound for France came into the port; so that our young adventurer was obliged to look about him for support. I have said before he was a handsome, spirited lad; a gentleman of Anglesea took a fancy to him, and he entered into his service.

This person was old in the trade of running goods, and had several small vessels continually on the pass between the Isle of Man and Ireland, laden with contraband commodities; with these he frequently sent Thurot; and once stationed him for eleven months at Carlingford, in Ireland, in order that he might (being lodged with a factor of his), manage some affairs of the smuggling kind that were of more than ordinary consequence, and which he was extremely expert in.

In this place he acquired his first knowledge of the English tongue; and in the end he determined, instead of returning to the Isle of Man, to go to Dublin and see whether he could not learn some certain tidings of those relations of his, about whom he had so often heard. He seldom formed a resolution without putting it in practice; and accordingly set out for Dublin, with, as he told me himself, about eleven shillings in his pocket.

Whether Thurot ever met with any of his Irish

kinsfolk, or whether, if he did, he renewed any kindness and entertainment from them, I cannot say, but he was in very straight circumstances in Dublin, and reduced so low, that he was glad to accept of an offer to enter into a great family, which he did in quality of valet de chambre to the lady of Lord B——, persons of vast fortune and alliances in the kingdom of Ireland.

Here he lived near two years, going by the name of Dauphine, and might, perhaps, have lived much longer, but for a most unhappy affair which happened in the family, and which made a great noise in the world. Thurot was in high favour with his mistress, and was suspected of being her confidant; but he was a man of too nice notions, and had the punctilios of honour in too much regard to be of service to any one in such a sort of business. Be that as it will, he was dismissed his lordship's service, as was at the same time my lady's woman, with whom young Thurot was on very good terms.

Thurot was of a warm temper, especially upon any thing like an insult; and Lord B—— having laid things to his charge of which he knew himself innocent, he was not backward in speaking his mind, perhaps too freely, of his lordship, which soon made Dublin a very improper place for him to remain in.

His friend, the waiting woman, whose name I think was Lynch, was soon after her dismissal from the family of Lord B—— received into that of the Earl of A——, who had a great estate in the North of Ireland; and going down thither the following summer,

Thurot, who was of a roving disposition, made no difficulty to follow his *quondam* fellow-servant, though in no capacity or business.

In this place he made himself acceptable to many gentlemen, and to the Earl of A——, by his skill in sporting; but his situation being near the sea, and the opposite coast of Scotland favouring the cursed trade of smuggling, in which he was a much greater master than in cocking or hunting, he soon got in with a gang of those people.

He was of the most obliging and generous disposition that I ever knew any man in my life, and as he was young and sprightly, and of a warm constitution, it is in vain to deny that he had many intrigues, in which he made no scruple of bestowing upon his favourites a piece of India stuff for a gown, a yard or two of muslin, a pound of tea, and such things, which by degrees getting wind, other women of the better sort applied to him for some of these things in the mercantile way.

The usual method of the smuggler was never to sell any of these things in the north, but transport them to Dublin on little carrs, with butter, and such country merchandise; by which means they escaped the danger of a familiar and open trade, and escaped the vigilance of the custom-house officers.

Thurot, however, could not withstand the solicitations of the ladies, and used frequently to sell them tea, china, chocolate, India goods, and, I am afraid, brandy, at an easy rate. This trade continued some months,

till one of his customers being more rapacious than the rest, laid out fifty pounds at once with him, in order to get as much as she could buy from the fair trader for triple the money; by which means her house was made a warehouse, and the excise people getting the scent of it, came to search, found the goods upon her, and made a seizure of every one of them.

Thurot was instantly blown; the honest, grateful gentlewoman told whence she had her commodities, and in three nights after, the officers having laid their scheme, fell in with some boats which were laden with run goods: four of them fell into their hands, a rich booty; but the vessel in which was our captain, and which was lighter laden than the rest, had the good fortune to make the coast of Scotland.

And now a new scene opened itself; the commodities in the boat were worth about two hundred pounds; but how to get them sold was the matter. Thurot with his accomplices deposited them in safe places, and it was proposed that two of them, who were Scotchmen, should take and dispose of them about the country as pedlars.

The design was approved, and succeeded; for in less than three months the whole cargo was sold off for near three hundred pounds, one hundred and fifty of which coming to Thurot's share, he made the best of his way to Edinburgh, where having equipped himself like a gentleman, he was determined to make the best of his way to France.

But it was some time before he was to visit his

native country; Mr. V——, a gentleman of French extraction, in Edinburgh, who was a merchant, and used frequently to send vessels from Edinburgh to London, wanted a master for one of his little sloops, and having seen Thurot, who passed for a seafaring captain, and Mr. V——, by his pronunciation of the English language, finding out that he was a Frenchman, made him the offer of it.

Thurot did not hesitate a moment about the acceptance of it; they struck up a bargain, and the following week the *Anie* of Edinburgh, Thurot master, bound with linen for London, set sail for the river Thames, where she arrived safe, but never returned, being burnt in the river with many others, by some pitch taking fire in a neighbouring warehouse; and Thurot having given an account of his trust to his employer's factor, fixed himself in London, taking lodgings in Paddington, where the author of these memoirs by mere accident got acquainted with him.

From the year one thousand seven hundred and forty-eight, to the year one thousand seven hundred and fifty-two, Captain Thurot was going continually back and forward between France and England, and spent great part of his time in London, going by his real name. As I have said before, he took up his first residence in Paddington, where he lived at the house of an apothecary, and always appeared like a gentleman.

In this place I have been in company with him many times, and as he was a man of a remarkable free

temper, he used frequently to entertain two or three of his more intimate acquaintance with the recital of his adventures.

I never knew any man that had a better natural understanding; he spoke English perfectly well, scarcely with the accent of a foreigner, and had a great share of the Irish language, which he acquired while he lived among the people of that nation.

He sung agreeably, played upon the German flute, the trumpet, and French horn; but the chief bent of his inclinations leaned towards navigation and fortification; he had always some little plans, purely the efforts of his own uninformed genius, relative to those arts, about him, which he was constantly shewing to his companions, and never seemed so thoroughly happy as when he got with people who had a smattering of the above-mentioned sciences. The last time he was in England he lived in a court in Cary-street, Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, and was then instructed in the mathematics by one Mr. Donelly, an Irish gentleman, famous for his knowledge and abilities in mathematical studies.

There is a circumstance relative to Thurot's behaviour while he was in England, which will serve to throw a great light upon the real character of the man, and I know it to be fact:—

He used frequently to go to a club, which was held every Monday night, somewhere about the Seven Dials, and consisted totally of foreigners, mostly of Frenchmen; some of these gentlemen took it in their head one evening most grossly to abuse the English and

Irish, calling them every contemptuous name which liquor and ill-manners could suggest. Thurot listened to them for some time with a good deal of patience; till at length, finding they intended to set no bounds to their insolence, he very calmly got up, and seizing the two which sat next to him, each by the nose, without saying a syllable, he led them to the door, put them out, and bolted it after them, then returning to his seat; Come, gentlemen, said he, let us drink about, and call another subject.

He was extremely punctual in his engagements and payments, and when he found his money near spent, he designed returning to his own country, and commence a trading captain: he did so, withdrawing from Paddington all of a sudden, and we did not see any thing of him for four or five months, when I by accident heard that he was then commander of a ship in the river, bound from Dunkirk, and that he lodged in Shadwell.

In this place he lived with a woman who passed for his wife, and rented a house for three years, during which time he never failed of running over two or three times a year between London and Calais, Dunkirk, &c.

It having been strongly reported that there was an Englishwoman with him during all his grand and last voyage at sea, I imagined, if there was any truth at all in the story, that she who lived with him at Shadwell must be the person. I therefore took some pains to enquire who she was, and find that this woman did

really go to France with him; and she either was actually the wife, or had before been the trull of one of his sailors, who was a half French, and half Englishman.

He had an extreme inclination to be made a Freemason; he was accordingly admitted in a lodge here: the consequence of this, I am assured by undoubted authority, was the following occurrence:—

During his late voyage, soon after his little squadron had put out to sea, they met an English merchantman, laden with rum and brandy, from the West Indies; it will be needless to say that she made but a trifling resistance; in fact, she almost instantly struck, and the lieutenant of Thurot's ship was sent to bring the captain on board.

This man was a Freemason, and according to the custom with that fraternity, made certain signs which are known by them all in common, in order to find if any among the enemy were of the order. Thurot instantly perceived, and answered him; however he did not then take any farther notice, but asked the captain what his cargo consisted of; the sailors were rejoiced when they heard of the unfortunate booty. But Thurot leaving his prisoner in the cabin, went up upon deck, and calling all his people about him, said:

“Gentlemen, this is the first prize we have taken, and I heartily give you joy of it: yet it is but a trifling one, and when divided among us all will not be worth naming. Besides, gentlemen, we go to conquer the enemy's country, not to seize her paltry merchandise;

and by my discourse with the unhappy man below, who is the owner as well as master of the vessel, [which was really the case], I find if he loses it, his ruin is infallible; let us then scorn to take this small booty, return it to him, and look after better." Here there was some murmuring; "Well, then, gentlemen, said he, since you do not relish my proposal, be easy; I give my honour, out of my own pocket to pay every man his dividend of this prize, and will let the vessel go." Upon this the sailors were overpowered by the noble generosity of the captain. The poor Freemason got his cargo safe, and a handsome present from Thurot into the bargain.

The last time Thurot was in England I had not the pleasure of seeing him, being obliged to be in Wales upon some particular affairs; but I presently heard from him while he was in London, and also after he went to settle at Boulogne with his father.

It seems that the early taint which he received from the Irishman, Farrel, who was a most infamous smuggler himself, still stuck to him; and, indeed, I think it was the only thing to be alleged against him; this inclined him to hearken to a French gang, who offered to take him for their captain. He communicated it to his father, who strongly dissuaded him against it; but Thurot was one of those men who feared nothing; and though the smuggling trade is in France the most daring and dangerous that can be imagined, he followed the bent of his own will. It must be owned, indeed,

that his great good sense and moderation kept his bravoës from committing any very mischievous outrages.

He left off coming to England in the year 1752, and the very next year being in France, I saw him; he then, without any reluctance, told me the bottom he had embarked on. I represented to him in the strongest manner I could, the hazardous life he had taken up; but he laughed at me.

His chief place of residence was at Boulogne, where his trade was kept secret; though, indeed, had it been known, he was so great a favourite with the towns-people, I believe he might have passed his time securely enough. He was also frequently at Calais, Dunkirk, &c., and I was credibly informed, during his short reign, as king of the smugglers, he did not export and import clandestinely, less than twenty thousand pounds worth of goods per year.

But here, as he had before in Ireland, he added indiscretion to vice; and to say the truth, prosperity, I believe, and success had lulled him so far, as it does most who are in unjustifiable causes, that he thought justice either would not, or dare not see him; but he was mistaken; I think, indeed, as it has happened, she had recourse to her scales only, and not to her sword.

The son of Madam Tallard, his godmother, whom we have before made mention of, was president of the province; and it being well known that smugglers did infest those parts, though the government could not point out the very individual delinquents, he had

orders to be very vigilant, and, if possible, to put a stop to their mal-practices.

He performed his duty punctually, and two or three of his mermidons being set upon the watch, it was not long before they wormed themselves so far into the secret, that they had not only intelligence of the meeting-places of the smugglers, but of every person concerned in the trade.

Monsieur Tallard took his measures accordingly ; in one place he seized a whole covey of them together, and at the same time arrested several others ; among the first was poor Thurot.

In writing memoirs of the life of a private person, who till within a short space of time, was never employed in any one interesting scene of action, there cannot be expected those turns and adventures, which are so agreeable in a novel, neither can it be thought that his ordinary employments should afford matter for a large volume ; all I mean to do here is to set down a few occurrences, which happened within the sphere of my own knowledge, which though in themselves are insignificant, become of consequence, in as much as they may serve to give some idea of a man, who has ingrossed a great deal of the attention of the world, and particularly raised the curiosity of this nation.

Thurot's natural inclination to fortification, gave him a desire to see all our buildings of that sort, which I believe he did, walking to most of those within thirty miles of London, during the frequent recesses between his several passages ; and I have often heard him say,

how easy a matter it would be for to invade these kingdoms, though neither he nor I at that time had any thought of his being one day that very invader himself.

There was eight months at one time, between his leaving England and his returning to it, occasioned by some disagreement between his owners: during that time I received several letters from him, but they are all destroyed except the following:—

Dunkirk, June 5, 1752.

SIR,—I find it is a very selfish motive that makes me write to you, my design being to extort an answer. If you had so much disinterested charity as to write without expecting a reply, I should certainly receive the favour with the utmost gratitude and modesty. However, it is well you indulge my talent of impertinence, and never strictly insist upon common sense.

I have already told you, that my affairs would oblige me to remain on this side of the water till next summer. New oppositions every day arise to my returning to England; but I hope to surmount them all, and once more enjoy the company of my good friends in Cateaton-street, among which I chiefly reckon yourself.

I am very much concerned to hear you have been out of order, yet was far from thinking your letter the effect of the spleen, for I am really persuaded it was written in one of your gayest humours. To a mind turned like yours, the thoughts of death can have very

few terrors. I fancy you will be pleased with the lines which a gentleman of our country, as I have been told, ordered to be written over his closet door. I know you like verses, and therefore write them :

“Las d’esperer et de me plaindre,
De l’amour des grands et du sort,
C’est ici que j’attens la mort
Sans le désirer, ou la craindre.”

C’est bien le caractère, le plus beau, et le plus rare qu’on peut avoir: but I beg pardon for writing French, and yet I can hardly think you will be able to make out my English.

My letter is of a convenient length, therefore, with my most humble service to ———

Je suis, &c. &c.

It was agreed between us, that we should write nothing but English to each other, in order to perfect him in the language; and this letter is, I think, no very bad instance of his skill and understanding.

It is needless to expatiate on the distressful circumstance of confinement to a person of Thurot’s volatile disposition. After being examined by Monsieur Tallard, he was sent to Dunkirk, and there confined in the common prison; but his father and some other friends had such power over the good-natured magistrate, that he promised to do his utmost to save Thurot’s life, whom he was himself also very well inclined towards, having been his playfellow when a boy, and

perfectly remembering the regard which his mother had for him.

The other smugglers were now every day breaking upon the wheel, and hanging, while our unfortunate hero lay snug in his dungeon; from this place I had the following letter from him:—

Dunkirk, December 12, 1754.

DEAR SIR,—Though it is not without some pain that I date a letter to you from this miserable place, yet I thought I should be inexcusable, was I not to inform so good a friend of my situation; which, though wretched enough, God knows, I dare swear you will be pleased to hear, is not likely to close with a shameful death; my good friends seeming to consider every thing but my deserts. I do assure you I now heartily detest and despise myself for the wicked and ridiculous part I have acted, and sincerely wish I had taken your good advice; but I am willing to think Providence orders every thing for the best. Pen and ink being allowed me is a great favour; but at present I will not trespass on you farther than to assure you that

I am, &c.

Shortly after this, he was commanded up to Paris, with an intent that he should make discoveries that might prevent the robberies of the smugglers for the future. He remained there in prison several months, but during his examinations convinced some people in power, that should the war break out with England,

which was at that time contriving, and in the form of an invasion too, Mons. Thurot might be rendered a serviceable man.

This consideration, together with Mons. Tallard's interest, not only procured him his liberty, but the command of one of the king's sloops, and his father got a pension of five hundred livres per annum, for what services his son might do his country.

After this I had never any correspondence with him; but know, that finding in the beginning of the war that his sloop was not likely to be much employed, and the thoughts of invading England was laid aside, he desired permission to go on board a Dunkirk privateer, in which he commanded till the beginning of the summer of the memorable year one thousand seven hundred and fifty-nine.

Then it was that the French ministry, as the *dernier resort*, determined to invade this island, and make us feel the force of Gallic indignation; *most terrible indeed!*

Thurot was pitched upon as a man rather to frighten us, than do any real mischief. He spoke English, he knew both the British and Irish channels, he would be of great use in putting us in confusion, while Conflans destroyed us.

The scheme was, that Thurot should go to Ireland, while Conflans was here, in order to make that kingdom, easy enough to take an alarm, so anxious in preserving her own safety, and so full of her own danger, that she could not think of sending any succour to her neighbour.

Thurot having got his orders and every thing ready, sailed out of Dunkirk harbour on the evening of the twenty-second of October, one thousand seven hundred and fifty-nine, with the following ships in his little squadron:—Marshal Belleisle of fifty-four guns, two frigates of thirty-six each, one of twenty-six, and a cutter. He sailed in a hard gale at South West; arrived at Ostend the next day, and the same evening sailed again northward. He had fifteen hundred landmen on board, most of whom were pressed, and picked up in prisons. The officers (such as they were) went on board with the greatest reluctance.

The first port he made was that of Gottenburgh, from whence the two following extracts of original letters; one from Captain Gorrel, to his owners at Liverpool; the other from Liverpool, will serve to give us a perfect insight to his situation:—

Gottenburgh, November 3, 1759.

I wrote to you from hence the twenty-seventh ult. and then told you how I was blocked up by Mons. Thurot, with five frigates and one cutter: we lay in the road three days, during which time they rowed round and round our ship, and took particular notice of us: I also took all the notice I could of them; two frigates lay a-head of us, two a-stern, and one a little within the rocks, to watch the ships, &c. So far as I can learn and observe, Thurot's fleet are in want of many things, such as anchors and cables; for by all accounts, they slipped them when they left Dunkirk. They have also employed all the bakers in Gottenburgh,

and have bought up all the beef they can meet with. Another cutter is arrived here ; so that now there are two, one of eight guns and the other of ten ; one of which they are now heaving down and cleaning. One of the frigates has her top-mast down, occasioned, I suppose, by something being amiss with her mast. It is most certainly true, that they have a great number of land-forces with them, for they appear on board like bees about a hive ; the number is said here to be two thousand two hundred land soldiers, of several Scotch and Irish regiments. One of my sailors spoke with some of them in Irish, and was answered in the same language. They have many gentlemen on board, and when on shore make a fine appearance, being full of money. It is whispered about here, that they are designed either for the Highlands of Scotland, or the North of Ireland, and that they will be ready to sail from hence in seven or eight days. They behaved with great complaisance to us when we lay amongst them, but as I did not like my company, we took the first opportunity of leaving them, and are now lying above the Castle: they have taken two brigs, and brought them into this harbour, one they ransomed: her ransom-bill is No. 6, which makes us believe that they have taken six sail. They are all rigged in the same manner as our men of war, with red vanes, long heads to their top-gallant masts, and the top-gallant masts strike abaft, the top-masts with sprit-sail top-sails rigged, and the cutters are rigged the same as our English cutters ; and, upon the whole, they appear very

like English ships of war. The wind is coming strong again to the westward, which I hope will bring an English fleet to our relief ; four of our men of war, I am sure, would be very sufficient to keep them in here, and they might lie very safe at anchor in the road. The Antigua merchant is ready to sail with us for Liverpool, and fifteen for London and Hull."

Liverpool, Dec. 7, 1759.

"CAPTAIN RIMMER, of the Gorrell, arrived here from Gottenburgh on Sunday last, farther informs us, that Mons. Thurot, with his squadron of five privateer-frigates, and two cutters, left Gottenburgh on the fourteenth ult. Thurot's frigate, the Marshal Belleisle, mounts forty-four guns, viz. thirty nine-pounders upon one deck, four eighteen-pounders below, and the rest only quarter-deck and forecastle guns ; she has a black lion-head, appears very ill hogged in the midships, and is painted black and red.—Number 2 is a frigate of thirty-two guns, viz. twenty-eight nine-pounders on one deck, the rest are quarter-deck and forecastle guns ; has a yellow lion-head standing remarkably high, is painted yellow and black.—Number 3 is a frigate of the same number of guns, painted black, with a large figure-head.—Number 4 is a frigate of thirty guns, viz. twenty-four on the main-deck, and the rest quarter-deck and forecastle guns ; she has a figure-head painted white and yellow, and her sides black and yellow.—Number 5 is a frigate of twenty guns on one deck, is painted black and yellow, with a short quarter-

deck. The two cutters have long top-gallant-masts, one of them is pierced for ten, and the other eight guns, exactly in the English form.

“The frigates, when they came into Gottenburgh, were very foul, as if come off from a long voyage, and were destitute of many necessaries, had very few seamen on board, but full of land forces, commanded by a major-general; most of the soldiers were in blue, faced with white, and others all white. Whilst they remained at Gottenburgh, nineteen days, they were fully employed in cleaning their ships, getting new top-masts, new rigging for their vessels, victualling and watering; the demand for bread and eatables was so great, that they raised the prices considerably at market, and the Swedes assisted them all in their power; sending them their East-India ships’ boats to water with, and procuring them cables in lieu of those they had ordered to be made, which would have detained them before finished. During their stay the land and sea officers quarrelled; the former not being acquainted with the place of their destination. On November 6, whilst the French frigates lay in Calf Sound, the Penzance man of war appeared at the mouth of the harbour in company with four or five neutral ships, as she was going up to Elsineur, and fired a gun to take all ready under convoy, which so affrighted the Frenchmen, that they slipped their cables, and run up above the castle for security. When they sailed, the commodore and second vessel carried white whifflers or pendants forward, the rest all had red vanes, and they

had their steering sails and small sails all ready bent in the shrouds to run away with. Captain Rimmer came out of Gottenburgh two days after Thurot, and is of opinion, by the winds he met with, that they could not reach Scotland, but would be obliged to go to Norway."

After this a thousand false reports were spread of him, but nothing of consequence till his appearance on the coast of Ireland. A full account of which follows:—

Carrickfergus, Feb. 21.—"On the garrison's observing three frigates coming up under English colours, they concluded they were our own ships, on some expedition; but observing that instead of sailing before the castle, as is usual, they made for Killroot Point, they thought proper to send out Captain Jennings in the king's boat to reconnoitre: who, on approaching near them, observed them landing with their flat-bottomed boats, which they effected very suddenly. On the captain's return the garrison took the alarm; but, alas! they were but two hundred in number, mostly undisciplined recruits, and had three hundred French prisoners to guard. The brave mayor, Willoughby Chaplin, Esq., got the militia under arms, and though asked by Colonel Fleming, the commander-in-chief, to go into the castle, he bravely refused, and in his own gallant phrase, said, "He would go out with his dear boys, and meet the poltroons, and have a knock with them:" which he most resolutely did by marching to the Scotch quarters, and lining the hedges,

gave them a fire which killed forty-three men of the enemy, and wounded their general-in-chief, who lived only to sign the articles of capitulation.

“It deserves to be remarked, that one of the worthy mayor’s men killed three Frenchmen himself, but stooping over the last, (who appeared to be a person of distinction), was unfortunately shot through the head. But what makes the whole affair the more surprising, and, we hope, is a happy presage of our shortly chastising their insolence, is, that the brave stout lads, (as their worthy leader calls them), lost but five men, although they were obliged, as they were marching out to meet the enemy, to send back forty of their company, to escort the French prisoners to Belfast. After all, they made a retreating fight of it back again into the castle. But as to the French, on their landing, they immediately seized the house of Mr. Brice of Killroot, and made him, his wife, &c., prisoners, and sent him on board their ships; they likewise seized Castle Dobbs, and made prisoners the squire and his lady, and a colonel who was on visit at the house; they pillaged both houses of every thing; they likewise got Squire Ennis into their hands; but what even affects the public is, that they have carried off every yard of linen that was in the possession of Mr. James Allen, one of the most considerable linen-draper in the north. They took the gentlemen’s horses, and drew ten pieces of cannon to the Scotch Quarter-Bank, where they fixed a battery which played on the half-moon and gate of the castle without intermission.

There were no provision in the castle, but what the mayor ordered in on the first alarm, from his own house, being the beef, pork, and meal of his own private family; nor was there one cannon on a carriage, nor proper ammunition in the place, and yet the brave garrison, who were but an handful, held out till four o'clock in the morning of the ensuing day after being attacked, when they were obliged to capitulate, and become prisoners of war. They have got the Colonel, the mayor, Dean Benson, 'Squire Wilson, Mr. Spaight, &c.

“ On receiving this melancholy news, it is impossible to express with what alacrity and cheerfulness every one able to carry a gun flew to arms. There are already more than three thousand five hundred militia in Belfast, who march down every day to Woodburn, within a mile of them, where they wait for their coming out, but they keep themselves close, and are intrenched up to the chin; it was with the greatest difficulty that lieutenant-general Strobe has withheld his men till the artillery arrives, (which is coming from Charlemount), from rushing into the town, and attacking them sword in hand.

This night General Fitzwilliams, Lord Newbattle, &c., with a party of the light horse, arrived in this town, who are to be followed by three thousand troops to-morrow, with a train of artillery, so that the country need not be under the least apprehensions from such a parcel of wretches, who have been so long on board, and whom the most exaggerating account does not make to exceed one thousand men.

“ On the arrival of the news in this town, Cornet Scott, Mr. William Ogle, Mr. Corry, and the other gentlemen of this place, immediately assembled at the market-house, and got the militia under arms, and though we, as a maritime town, dare not send off our militia for fear of a surprise from an enemy that must be desperate, yet the gentlemen earnestly recommended to any young gentlemen who would chuse to do so, to go and assist our brethren in this critical conjuncture, and immediately Mr. Thomas Warring, Mr. Andrew Thompson, Mr. James Ogle, Mr. John Hutchinson, Mr. Wier, Mr. Boyde, Mr. Braddock and many more marched off, and were followed by above eighty brave fellows; it would be doing injustice to merit not to mention Mr. Adam Maitland on this important occasion, he has exerted himself in an extraordinary manner, and was as far as Drogheda yesterday, to solicit arms, &c., from the government, and stopped on hearing the succours were on their march; loyal 'Squire Johnson of Treymont, went through this country from house to house, and collected together every one who had a weapon, whom he entertained at his own house, and conducted the French prisoners into this town at their head, together with a party of gentlemen who went to Ban-bridge to receive them; the same worthy gentleman marched to-day at the head of his intrepid lads to Carrickfergus.

“ I have no more to add, but confess it is a hard task to do justice to the merit of every party vying with each other, who shall exert themselves most upon

this important occasion; the Roman catholic gentlemen have offered to give their wives and children as hostages of their loyalty at this time, and offered to march, if the government will please to entrust them with arms, along with their fellow subjects against the common enemy; I can assure the public of the truth of the following, viz. that the priest of this parish offered his own horse, bridle and saddle, together with daily pay, to any young protestant lad that would march down to Carrickfergus.

“On the first intelligence of the landing of the French, nothing could exceed the alacrity of the Rich-Hill, Market-Hill, Armagh, Lurgan, and Waringstown militia, who immediately marched for Belfast; the Rich-Hill militia were conducted by the honourable colonel Richardson of the said town.

“We hear they have broken down one of the long bridges of Belfast, to prevent any surprise from the county of Down side, as the enemy might easily pass over the bay from Carrick to Holliwood, and surprise them from that quarter: the gentlemen of Belfast behaved in an extraordinary manner on this occasion, the most considerable of them takes the meanest militia man into his own house, and entertains him at his own table.

“The Rev. Mr. Cherry of Taudragee, has set a pattern worthy of imitation, who has marched down at the head of sixty brave fellows of his congregation; and the Rev. Mr. Michael Henry, of Drumbanagher has the same number ready to march, only waiting for

arms; and the Rev. Mr. Hacket of the said parish, is industriously encouraging the youths of his congregation, to embark in the same glorious cause."

The following passages will set the wisdom, bravery, and at the same time consternation of the Irish in a proper light:

Dublin, Feb. 23, 1760.

"Yesterday morning, a little before eleven o'clock, an account was received that a body of French, supposed to be about a thousand men, were landed at Carrickfergus, on Thursday morning. Immediately upon the receipt of this intelligence, his Grace the Lord-Lieutenant gave orders for the assembling with the utmost expedition at Newry, four regiments of infantry, viz. Pole's, Anstruther's, Sandford's, and Sebright's; and the three regiments of dragoons, viz. Mostyn's, Yorke's, and Whitley's; and his Grace made no doubt, that should the French be hardy enough to hazard themselves at any distance from their ships, the troops he should be able to get together in a very few days, will be more than sufficient to protect the country from any violence, and to drive them out of the kingdom. And this morning, at half past seven, a farther account was received, that lieutenant-colonel Jennings had suffered himself, with four companies of major-general Strobe's regiment under his command at Carrickfergus, to be made prisoners of war: and that, on the twenty-second, in the morning, about eight o'clock, a flag of truce came to Belfast, and made a demand of several articles of provision, and other

necessaries, to be delivered that day at two o'clock, promising to pay for them; and threatening, in case of refusal, to burn Carrickfergus, and afterwards to come up and burn Belfast also; with which demands the gentlemen of Belfast thought it best to comply. The French prisoners of war had been removed from Carrickfergus and Belfast to Lisburn.

“*Dublin, Feb. 24.* This evening his Grace the Lord-Lieutenant received the following letter from Major-General Strobe, dated at Belfast, Feb. 23, 1760, at six in the evening, viz.

“Information of Benjamin Hall, lieutenant and adjutant of my regiment, who, this moment, arrived here, on his parole, from Carrickfergus, in order to get provisions for the officers and soldiers of my regiment there, says, that on the twenty-first instant, three ships appeared off the isle of Magee, standing in shore, for the Bay of Carrickfergus; and at eleven o'clock came to an anchor, about two miles and a half to the north-east part of the castle, and within musquet shot of the shore at Killrute-point. At this time the small number of troops belonging to the garrison were at exercise, about half a mile on the road to Belfast; and at a quarter after eleven o'clock, the guard was turned out, made up, and marched off, to relieve that on the French prisoners in the castle; the rest of the men continued in the field of exercise, where an account was soon brought, that the three ships, just come to an anchor, had taken and detained two fishing boats, and, with them and several others,

were plying on and off betwixt the shore and the ships; on which immediate orders were sent to the castle for both guards to continue under arms, and double centries over the French prisoners, and be particularly strict and watchful over them, till such time as they could be satisfied whether they were friends or enemies; though, at the same time, a strong report prevailed with some, that it was an English frigate, and two store-ships: but to be convinced what they were, after the troops had assembled in the market-place, the said Lieutenant Hall, went off with a reconnoitring party, and took post on a rising ground, where he could plainly perceive eight boats landing armed men, and that they drew out in detachments, and took post on the dykes, hedges, and all the rising grounds, from whence they could have most extensive views; upon which he gave the necessary orders to his non-commissioned officers and men, to have a watchful eye of their approaches, and to take particular care they did not get round them, by going at the foot of the hill undiscovered: in order to prevent which, he posted them himself, and told them, as soon as ever the advance guard came within shot, to fire at them, and continue so to do, until they repulsed them, or if necessitated, to retreat, he likewise pointed that out to them, with orders to take every opportunity, on advantage of the ground, in their retreat, to retard the enemy's approach, and to be sure to keep a communication with the town as much as possible; and on this he immediately went to the town, and acquainted

Lieutenant Colonel Jennings, where he found him with the troops on the parade, who immediately ordered detachments to be made to defend the gates of the town, and all the avenues leading thereto. Soon after which the reconnoitring party retired, after having spent all their ammunition; during which time, the Lieutenant Colonel and chief magistrate of the town, sent off the sheriff, and Mr. Mucklewaine, (who is captain of the militia of the corporation), with orders to take off the French prisoners of war, and convey them with all speed to Belfast, where they were to receive further orders from me. By this time the enemy were in full march for the town, which he computed to be near one thousand men; and two or three straggling hussars, on horses they had picked up after landing, attempted to enter the gates; but on the first fire retired, but were soon supported by parties of foot, who attacked both the North and Scotch gates, as also the garden walls of Lord Donnegall, who were repulsed also, and kept back as long as the men had ammunition; on which Colonel Jennings ordered the whole to retire to the castle; which he had sufficient time to do, as at this time the enemy was a little checked from our fire; and would have been more so, had the men had ammunition. Before the gates of the castle were shut, they made their appearance in the market-place; and then it was in his opinion, the destruction of the enemy would have commenced, had it not been still (he begs leave again to observe) the then dreadful want of ammunition, notwithstanding

the supply of powder they had a few days before, from Belfast, by my order, but were in want of ball, and even time, if they had that, to make them up ; from which the enemy, finding our fire so cool, attacked the gates sword in hand, which, from the battering of the shot on both sides, the bolts were knock'd back, and the gates opened, and the enemy marched in ; but Lieutenant Colonel Jennings, Lord Wallingford, Captain Bland, Lieutenant Ellis, with some gentlemen, and about fifty men, repulsed the enemy, and beat them back. Here it was he saw great resolution in a few Irish boys, who defended the gate, after it was opened, with their bayonets ; and those from the Half moon, after their ammunition was gone, threw stones and bricks. Had this attack of the enemy been supported with any degree of courage, they must certainly have succeeded in it, but they retired back under cover, leaving the gates open with our men in the front of it, which gave them a short time to consider what was the best to be done ; first to see the men's ammunition, which, if they had had any, would have certainly sallied, and even so without it, had not Colonel Jennings, and all the officers thought the enterprize too hazardous. Then they considered, if the gate could be defended, the breach in the castle wall could not, it being near fifty feet long ; and having but a short time to deliberate, all agreed a parly should be beat, and Lieutenant Hall sent out to know on what terms they might surrender ; which was accordingly

done ; and on his going out, found the greatest part of the enemy under shelter of the old walls and houses before the castle-gate ; and after the usual ceremony, demanded of the Commandant, (the General being wounded), what terms would be given the troops on their surrender, and at the same time sent the drum to call Colonel Jennings out of the castle, in order to treat with the French Commandant on articles of capitulation, which, he says, as well as he can remember, were as follows: viz.

“ Colonel Jennings demanded, that the troops should march out with all the honours of war, and the officers to be on their parole in Ireland, and not be sent prisoners to France ; the soldiers also to stay in Ireland, and that an equal number of French prisoners should be sent to France, within one month, or as soon after as ships could be got ready for that purpose. Granted.

“ That the castle of Carrickfergus should not be demolished, or any of the stores destroyed or taken out of it. Granted.

“ That the town and county of Carrickfergus should not be plundered or burnt, on condition the mayor and corporation furnished the French troops with necessary provisions. Granted.

“ This, as well as he can remember, was the verbal articles agreed on, though on writing them, the French Commandant, after consulting his principal officers, declared he could not by any means, answer to his master, the French king, granting to his Britanic-

Majesty the stores in the castle, which he insisted upon; and Colonel Jennings, to his great grief, had it not in his power to refuse, declaring solemnly, at the same time, with a grave countenance, that he had rather have been buried in the ruins. To which the French Commandant replied, that he could not insert it in the articles of capitulation, yet he would give his word and honour, and did so, that if there was nothing of great value in the castle, belonging to the king, besides powder, he would not touch it, (which there really was not) but how far he will keep his promise is not yet known. Likewise the magistrates of Carrickfergus, not furnishing the French with necessary provisions, they plundered the town, declaring it was their own fault, as they were convinced they had it in their own power to supply them, as they had found enough in the town afterwards.

“ Mr. Hall further informs me, that he has discovered by some of the French, there was a disagreement betwixt their General and Captain Thurot, the General being for the attack of Carrick, and Thurot for landing at the Whitehouse, and attacking Belfast. He likewise judged the frigates to be, one of forty guns, the other two about twenty each.

“ Lieutenant Hall begs leave to present his duty to your Grace, and hopes your Grace will excuse any inaccuracy that may be in his description, as he was no ways provided with any papers, but his memory, and often interrupted by numbers of gentlemen of the

militia, who were crowding perpetually in the room to receive orders."

"I beg leave to subscribe myself,

"My Lord, &c.

"WILL. STRODE."

Belfast, Feb. 23, 1760.

Besides this, I do not think there is anything to be depended upon that we have heard, every one knows of the engagement which ensued between his Majesty's ships and those of Thurot's little squadron, upon his leaving Ireland; and of this engagement no account can be so faithful, as that to be found in the following:

Copy of a letter from Captain Elliott, of his Majesty's ship *Æolus*, to Mr. Cleveland, dated in Ramsey Bay, in the Isle of Man, the 29th of February, 1760.

"Please to acquaint the Right Hon. my Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, that on the 24th instant I received information at Kinsale, from his Grace the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, that there were three ships of the enemy's at Carrickfergus. The same evening I sailed with his Majesty's ship under my command, together with the *Pallas* and *Brilliant*, in quest of them. I made the entrance of Carrickfergus on the evening of the 26th, but could not get in, the wind being contrary, and very bad weather. On the 28th, at four in the morning, we got sight of them, and gave chase. About nine I got up along-side their commodore, (off the Isle of Man), and in a few minutes

after the action became general, and lasted about an hour and half, when they all three struck their colours. They are, the Marshal Bellisle of forty-four guns, and five hundred and forty-five men, including troops, M. Thurot commander, who is killed; the La Blond of thirty-two guns, and four hundred men, commanded by Captain La Kayce; and the Terpsichore of twenty-six guns, and three hundred men, commanded by Captain Desraudaudais. I put into this road to repair the ships, who are all much disabled in their masts and rigging, the Marshal Bellisle in particular, who lost her boltsprit, mizen-mast, and main-yard in the action, and it was with great difficulty we prevented her sinking.

“It is with the greatest pleasure I acquaint their Lordships that the officers and men of his Majesty’s ships behaved remarkably well on this occasion.

“I shall use the greatest dispatch in getting the ships refitted, and purpose returning to Plymouth, or some other port in England, as soon as possible, if I do not receive their Lordships’ directions before the ships are got ready.

“Inclosed is an account of the killed and wounded on board his Majesty’s ships.

“I am, &c.

“JOHN ELLIOTT.”

			Killed.	Wounded.
Æolus	-	-	4	15
Pallas	-	-	1	5
Brilliant	-	-	0	11

“N.B. I find it impossible to ascertain the number of the enemy killed and wounded, but by the best accounts I can get they amount to about three hundred.”

As to Thurot's person, it was rather robust than genteel, and he was rather comely than handsome; very brown, and extremely florid; he was about six or seven and thirty years old, and had a very small scar under his left eye, which was rather an advantage to him than otherwise. This, I think, is a faithful picture of him, unless he was much altered from the time I saw him, till he was killed.

There were several bales of merchandize found on board his ships, particularly linens; however, I am well assured that he paid for every thing he had in Ireland, as well as he was able; but it might, and no doubt was, a thing impossible to restrain the rapacity of his people.

He behaved with the greatest bravery imaginable; had lost one of his arms near an hour, and received his death wound above half an hour before he quitted the deck.

While he lived, he insisted on the ship being fought; but as soon as the breath was out of his body, the whole squadron struck.

Nothing could equal the courage of Captain Elliot, his Majesty's commander, but his humanity; he would not suffer any thing to be touched in Thurot's ship, made sacred by his dead body: Alexander himself did not more bewail the death of Darius than Captain Elliot did the loss of Thurot.

As soon as the shattered ships got to the Isle of Man, Thurot's body was taken on shore, and embalmed, after which he was buried with all those military honours which his courage and conduct so well deserved; and Captain Elliot gave all his officers liberty to attend his funeral, himself walking in the procession.

Thus fell the brave Thurot!—a mirror of the fickle state of human affairs, and an example to all men, particularly those in a military capacity, by what steps to gain the height of favour among friends, and respect among enemies.

FINIS.

POPULAR SONGS,
ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE FRENCH
INVASIONS OF IRELAND.

PART II.

CAPTURE OF CARRICKFERGUS BY THUROT IN 1760.

EDITED, WITH INTRODUCTIONS AND NOTES, BY

T. CROFTON CROKER.

**He that Englund would win,
Must with Ireland first begin.**

Old Proverb.

“ Mais il ne considère l'Irlande que comme le chemin de Londres.”

Life of General Hoche.

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M.DCCC.XLVI.

100

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THE CITY OF BOSTON

THE CITY OF BOSTON

THOMAS AMORY FOR THE YEAR 1844

WILLIAM BENTLEY BLACK FOR

A BENTLEY COLLECT FOR THE YEAR

BENTLEY COLLECT FOR

T. BENTLEY COLLECT FOR THE YEAR 1844

A BENTLEY COLLECT FOR

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THOMAS BENTLEY FOR THE YEAR 1844

PREFACE.

IN the advertisement prefixed to the fifty-fourth issue of the Percy Society, in February 1845, it is stated, that the reprint of a memoir of Thurot was to be considered as an introduction to such songs as the editor could collect, illustrative of the capture of Carrickfergus by the French in 1760. To the account given in this memoir, a general sketch of the state of affairs previous to, and at this period, may not be unacceptable, gleaned from the *London Gazette*, the *Annual Register*, John Wesley's *Journal*, and Mac Skimin's *History of Carrickfergus*; verified by some additional particulars, from original official documents in the records of the Admiralty office, and manuscript letters from Captain Elliot and the officers of his squadron, which latter have been most kindly communicated to the editor by Mr. Robert Cole, of Token-house Yard.* From the col-

* Viz. :—

3 letters from Captain John Elliot, dated 11 March 1760, 29 May, and 14 August 1761.

lation of these materials, some important errors in dates are rectified, and a few details preserved that may now be regarded as possessing historical interest.

During the Spring, Summer, and Autumn of 1759, active preparations were going forward at most of the ports of France, for an invasion of the British dominions. Thurot was appointed to the command of a small squadron fitting out at Dunkirk, which consisted of

			guns.	sailors.	soldiers.
Le Maréchal Belleisle	-		48	200	400
La Blond	-	-	36	200	400
Terpsichore	-	-	24	60	70
<i>Begon</i>	-	-	36	200	400
<i>Amaranthe</i>	-	-	24	40	100

With 2 Cutters as Tenders.

and which force, according to the rumour of the day, was destined to effect a landing in Scotland.

The design against England, report stated, was to have been carried into effect, by the transport of troops from Havre, and other parts of Nor-

2 letters from Captain Jas. Loggie, 12 and 15 Nov. 1761.

1 ditto „ Lieut. Peter Forbes, 29 March 1760.

1 ditto „ Thos. Pasley, Dd. Jefferson, and Wm. Shannon.

1 ditto „ Mr. Lewis Brown, 10 March 1760.

1 ditto „ Mr. John Wilson, 13 March 1760.

Messrs. Innes and Hope's account with Captain Elliot, 22 Oct. 1761.

mandy, in “flat-bottomed boats,” which, as the editor hopes to be able to shew by an illustration in part III, were the “bugaboos” of popular opinion in all invasions from France. The third descent was to have been made upon the South of Ireland, from Vannes in Lower Brittany, where a considerable body of troops were assembled under the command of the Duke d’Aiguillon, the governor of that province; and the transport of these troops was to have been protected by a formidable fleet of ships of war, which had been fitted out at Brest, and was commanded by M. de Conflans. “Had this design,” observes the writer in the *Annual Register*, “been such as it was represented, and had it been put into execution, there is no doubt, that such an attempt upon both kingdoms at three different places at once, must have thrown the whole into no small confusion.”

Dunkirk was watched by a squadron under Commodore Boys, which however Thurot contrived to evade. Admiral Rodney bombarded Havre. Hawke blocked up the harbour of Brest, and with a small squadron kept a watch on that of Vannes.

After the defeat experienced by the French at the battle of Minden, greater exertions were used to forward the projected invasion.

The winter did not delay the operations at Vannes, as it was hoped that season would compel the English squadron to retire, and indeed a violent storm did oblige Sir Edward Hawke to quit his station off Brest, and with his fleet to anchor in Torbay. On the 14th November, the French fleet under Conflans sailed. On the same day Hawke put to sea; and a general action took place on the 20th November: now remembered as Hawke's victory.

On the 15th October,* Thurot with his small squadron, favoured by a hazy night, got out of Dunkirk, and after touching at Ostend, sailed the next evening for Gottenburg, where they arrived on the 26th, and after procuring supplies of provisions and other stores there, put to sea on the 14th November, the same day with Conflans and Hawke. A strong gale dispersed Thurot's squadron in the night between the 15th and 16th, and four of his vessels only joined company the next day. The Begon had received so much damage that she was compelled to return to Dunkirk; and was supposed to have foundered. On the 17th, his squadron anchored at Bergen in Norway, where they remained until the 5th

* The *Annual Register* for 1760 says the 5th, Thurot's *Memoir* the 22nd: both are wrong.

December, when they weighed and steered northward, and from the 14th to the 27th, were beating about within sight of the Fero Islands, but without being able to make them.

A general council was called on the 1st January, when it was resolved that each man's allowance should be reduced to ten ounces of biscuit, and half a septier of wine or spirits per day. Notwithstanding this regulation they had no more biscuit left than would serve them to the 14th, and of wine and spirits only to the 1st of February. It was then determined to steer the first fair gale for Londonderry, as Thurot's instructions were to attempt the capture of that town, but if the winds continued contrary, he was to sail for France.

On Saturday the 16th February, Thurot's ship appeared on the north-east coast of Islay: when two of the islanders, named Macneil and Macdonald went off in a small boat, believing the vessel to be English, and in want of a pilot. At this time the Belleisle had been seriously strained by the stormy weather, and was so leaky that two pumps were constantly kept going, and sometimes all the six together. Macneil and Macdonald were introduced into Thurot's cabin, where they found him with ten or twelve officers at dinner. Wine and glasses were placed before the visitors;

Thurot and a gentleman who acted as interpreter to the land officers alone, spoke in English. And here it was that Thurot first heard of the defeat of Conflans by Hawke, which was told him by Mr. Macdonald. Thurot gave no credit to the fact, until Macdonald shewed him the account in a Magazine, which he had in his pocket. When this was communicated to the other parties at the dinner table, they are said to have "hung down their heads and laid down their knives and forks." After a short conversation about the safety of the anchorage, Mr. Macneil was desired to go ashore, and tell the country people that they had nothing to fear, and that all that would be required was some fresh provisions, to be paid for in ready money. But Mr. Macdonald, in consequence of his possessing a printed account of Hawke's victory, was retained on board the Belleisle for some days, during which time he was treated with the utmost politeness.

On Sunday the 17th February, a council of war, of the land and sea officers, was held in the great cabin of the Belleisle, at which Macdonald was present. According to his report, this council consisted of thirteen members, of whom eleven gave their opinion for plundering, burning, and destroying the country.

"Thurot and one other only were of a differ-

ent opinion, and spoke with some warmth against the majority. He told them they might, if they pleased, go ashore, but swore that not a man of them should ever set foot on board the Belleisle, if they were guilty of the smallest irregularity; and at length he brought from his trunk the French king's orders, which expressly forbid their committing any hostilities, unless they met with opposition in Scotland."

Previous to this declaration, it would appear, that Thurot had denied to Mr. Macdonald, all knowledge of an act of aggresson, committed by the long boats of the Belleisle, upon the night when that vessel anchored in Claggencarroch Bay, when two sloops were plundered, from one of which, belonging to Mr. Macdonald, five tons of flour had been taken, and in payment for which Thurot insisted on his receiving fifty guineas. Macdonald's reply was, "that the flour was overpaid, being somewhat damnified before." Upon this, Thurot remarked, "that it was good enough for those who were to eat it," and added, "that no good merchant should spoil his own market."

After the council of war broke up, Thurot landed, and entered into a negociation with Mr. Campbell of Ardmore, respecting the purchase of some live cattle, poultry, and corn; and so far

amicably arranged matters that about 200 soldiers were allowed to land to bring off the supply of provisions his little squadron so much required. Respecting the condition of these soldiers, a contemporary writer says, "these poor creatures had no sooner touched dry land, than with their bayonets they fell to digging up herbs and every green thing they met with, at length they came to a field of potatoes, which they very eagerly dug, and after shaking off the earth, and wiping them a little on their waistcoats, eat them up, raw as they were, with the greatest keenness." Forty-eight head of cattle were procured for the general supply, and seven sacks of barley in grain were sent on board each vessel, with a quern or hand-mill to grind it.

Thurot quietly embarked, after presenting Mr. Macdonald with a handsome double-barreled fuzee, valued at twelve or fifteen guineas. When Mr. Campbell complained to Thurot that the commissary of the land-forces had valued his cattle at twenty shillings a head, and had given him a bill on the French resident at the Hague for that amount; Thurot replied that the bill was not worth a farthing; and ordered the officer, after upbraiding him for his attempt to cheat an honest gentleman, to value the cattle at fifty shillings a head, to pay down fifty guineas in part,

which was all the English gold he had, and to draw a bill for the remainder on the French king's banker at Paris, which Thurot assured Mr. Campbell was good money, even though the banker should not honour it, for that the commissary-general was rich, and might easily be forced to pay it, if the other party should refuse. "Every other thing they got," it is stated, "was paid for in ready money."

On the morning of Thursday the 21st February, Thurot's squadron, reduced by the desertion of the *Amarinthe* to three frigates, appeared off the Island of Magee, standing in shore for the Bay of Carrickfergus; where, at eleven o'clock, they came to anchor, scarcely distant three miles from the town, and within musket-shot of the point of Kilroot. The small garrison of Carrickfergus consisted of four companies of the 62nd regiment, which did not amount to 150 men, who were, at the moment, exercising in a field half a mile from the town, on the Belfast road. At a quarter after eleven the guard was turned out, made up, and marched to relieve the guard on the French prisoners in the castle; an old and ruinous fortification built upon a rock which adjoins the town, and projects into the Bay. The rest of the men continued in the field, where intelligence soon arrived that three ships, which at first were taken

for Indiamen and then for an English frigate and two store ships, had seized a couple of fishing boats, and with these boats and several others were plying between the shore and the ships, landing soldiers. An order was immediately despatched to the castle, by lieutenant colonel Jennings, the commanding officer, for both guards to continue under arms, and to double the sentries over the French prisoners, with directions to be particularly strict and watchful upon them, until it could be ascertained whether the disembarking troops were friends or enemies. The garrison soldiers, most of whom were recruits, then marched from the exercise field to the market-place of Carrickfergus, and the adjutant, Lieutenant Benjamin Hall was despatched with a small party to reconnoitre. From the rising ground upon which he posted himself, Mr. Hall observed eight boats landing armed men, who formed in detached bodies and took up the most advantageous positions they could find. "My daughter," said Mrs. Cobham to John Wesley, "came running in and said, 'Mamma, there are three Indiamen come into the bay, and I suppose my brothers are come in them' (who had been in the East Indies for some time). An hour afterwards, she came in and cried, 'Oh, mamma, they say they are Frenchmen; and they

are landing, and their guns glitter in the sun.' ” After posting his little party, Lieutenant Hall left them, with instructions to fire upon the French troops as they advanced and to retard their progress as much as possible, and he hurried back to Carrickfergus, to inform Colonel Jennings that there could be no doubt of the hostile intention of the body of men just landed, whom he estimated at one thousand. Detachments were immediately made for the defence of the town and the approaches to it : the French prisoners of war were instantly marched off to Belfast in charge of the sheriff, and escorted by forty townsmen under the command of Mr. James Mucklewaine, or McIlwain; and the Mayor (Willoughby Chaplin) requested Colonel Jennings to inform him what his instructions were with respect to defending Carrickfergus. The Colonel is traditionally said to have coolly received the demand of the mayor by the offer of a pinch of snuff, which being impatiently accepted by his worship, and after taking a huge one himself, he laconically replied to the question, “*Fiddle-de-de.*” The mayor demanded a more distinct answer, when Colonel Jennings said that, considering the smallness of the force at his disposal, not one hundred and fifty men, and as had been reported to him the numerical superiority of the enemy, together with

the ruinous state of the castle, he deemed resistance rather unnecessary. But the valiant mayor, with no doubt the memory of the fame of the defence of Londonderry in his mind, notwithstanding that there was a breach in the castle wall towards the sea of fifty feet, that it did not possess a single cannon mounted, and that there were only a few rounds of ball cartridge for the soldiers, regarded the Castle of Carrickfergus as impregnable, and angrily insisted upon resistance, accompanied by the threat of reporting the conduct of Colonel Jennings to the government, if he declined the defence; and it would appear from the *London Gazette* (No. 9978) that some such communication was actually made, as it is there chronicled, in the official document which records the capture of Carrickfergus, that "Lt.-Colonel Jennings had *suffered* himself with four companies of Major-General's Strode's regiment to be made prisoners of war."

Upon the mayor's declaration, Colonel Jennings retired into the castle, and aware of the want of sufficient stores there, for any serious opposition, made the best preparations in his power for a temporary stand, and his small force was joined by the mayor, Lieutenant Hercules Ellis, and a few other zealous and loyal inhabitants; and here it is only right to state, in using the

word loyal, that there was no mark whatever of disaffection among the inhabitants of Carrickfergus at the period of this surprise.

The French advanced against the town in two bodies, one marching up to the East, or Water Gate, by what is called the Scotch Quarter, the other crossing the fields to—



THE NORTH GATE.

Twelve soldiers and a corporal were posted on the wall. They fired upon the advancing enemy, when General Flaubert fell, his leg having been broken by a musket ball, and he was carried into the house of Mr. James Craig. The next in command, traditionally said to have been "the young Marquis D'Estrées," then led on the division, and entered the High Street by the Water Gate, where after a few shots had been fired, it

was joined in the market-place by the division that had forced its way down North Street with the loss of an officer and several men. The small party of the 62nd, by whom the town walls were defended, having expended all their ammunition, four rounds, retired into the castle. During the firing, in the High Street, between the advanced division and the retreating English soldiers, a child, the son of Mr. John Seeds, the sheriff, ran between the conflicting parties, which, the Marquis D'Estrées observing, took the boy up in his arms, and seizing a musket from a soldier, who had just fired it, sledged in with the butt end the door of a house in the High Street, which happened to be that of the child's father, and after placing him in the hall, immediately returned to resume hostilities. The child was subsequently Dr. Thomas Seeds, of the Royal Navy, by whom the Editor was told the circumstance, which is mentioned by Mac Skimin as a "tradition of old inhabitants."

The united divisions proceeded from the market-place against the castle, in the most determined manner, and readily forced the outward gate, which had not been properly secured by the retreating party of the 62nd. Although the number of men within the Castle of Carrickfergus amounted only to one hundred and sixty-two, and

the French force was estimated at between seven and eight hundred, they were received with so warm a fire, that they retreated with some loss, especially that of their humane and gallant leader, the Marquis D'Estrées, who is described "as a remarkably fine-looking man." Upon the gate being forced open he was the first to enter; "at which time he was observed to kiss a miniature picture that he took from his bosom." Upon his fall, the French troops which he had headed, took up position under cover of the adjoining houses, and an old wall, north of the castle, when Colonel Cavenac immediately assumed the command, and formed for the assault. Perceiving this movement, and the ammunition of the besieged being nearly exhausted, it was determined by them to beat a parley and capitulate upon honorable terms, stipulating that the town should not be plundered. The number of troops who surrendered, amounted to 10 officers, 11 sergeants, 10 corporals, 5 drummers, and 102 rank and file, of the garrison, there had been 2 killed and 3 wounded. And in the encounter about 50 of the French were killed, among whom were three officers; "They were buried," says Mac Skimin, "close by the castle, in the ground now (1829) occupied as a garden by the Ordnance storekeeper." This surrender, which suited the views of both parties, was followed by an

agreement to furnish the French troops with provisions in six hours; but that could not be performed, there not being a sufficient supply in the town. "On this," says John Wesley in his *Journal*, "Mr. Cavenac sent for Mr. Cobham, and desired him to go to Belfast and procure them, leaving his wife with the general as a hostage for his return. But the poor Frenchmen could not stay for this. At the time prefixed, they began to serve themselves with meat and drink, having been in such want that they were glad to eat raw oats to sustain nature. They accordingly took all the food they could find, with some linen and wearing apparel; but they neither hurt nor affronted man, woman, or child, nor did any mischief for mischief's sake, though they were sufficiently provoked; for many of the inhabitants affronted them without fear or wit, cursed them to their face, and even took up pokers and other things to strike them."

The terms on which the garrison of Carrickfergus surrendered are given in the *Memoirs of Thurot*. They are stated to have been signed by Colonel Jennings and Colonel Dusulier, in the house of William Wilkinson, in the High Street, in the presence of Thurot, who "spoke English fluently, and was very polite." The French officers invited the Mayor to dine with them. After

dinner, "the glass," says Mac Skimin, "having circulated freely, Thurot requested Mr. Chaplin to sing a song; who, after some entreaties from the different officers, complied; and sung, with much spirit, 'The British Grenadiers.' Thurot heard him out with perfect good-nature; but some of the officers who understood English were rather ruffled." The French being masters of Carrickfergus, guards were placed by them in the evening, on the different roads leading into the town, and sentinels on the houses of some of the principal inhabitants. On the first alarm the more timid fled; those who remained, shut up their doors and windows; and considering that some cases of intoxication occurred among the French soldiers, it is surprising that so little damage was done or plunder committed. When Wesley enquired of Colonel Cavenac,—(who had told him, that being almost famished, having only one ounce of bread per man daily, they had landed merely to procure provisions,)—whether they had a design to burn the town? he cried out, "Jesu Maria! we never had such a thought. To burn, to destroy, cannot enter into the heart or head of a good man."

That plunder to any great extent did not take place, is proved by the Irish House of Commons granting, on the 21st October following, only the

small sum of £4285 12 0½, in full compensation to the inhabitants of Carrickfergus for their losses by the French; about £600 of which was afterwards returned to the government. Among the items was £17 for the church plate. In June of the next year, an additional £200, was paid to Mr. John Campbell, Surgeon, for his losses.

Mac Skimin relates an anecdote, which although it may establish his statement, "that many houses were broken into, and despoiled of their most valuable effects: and even the church was robbed of its plate," tends to shew how trifling this plunder must have been. "Two French soldiers going into the house of an old woman, called Mave Dempsey, one of them took her silk handkerchief, and was putting it into his pocket; when Mave, who was a pious Roman Catholic, presented her beads at him, doubtless expecting that he would be struck with compunction by such a forcible appeal to his conscience. 'Ah!' said the soldier, with a significant shrug, 'dat be good for your soul—dis be good for my body.' It was observed, that the French soldiers never lost their national politeness.

"On one occasion, in taking a lady's ear-rings, the soldier who *requested* to have them, made as many bows, scrapes, and motions with his hand, as one of our most consummate dandies on entering a drawing-room."

Nor is there any good evidence to fix the loss of the church plate on the French. For on the morning of Friday, the day after the surrender of Carrickfergus, it appears that John Hagan, the mayor's servant, who had been hiding his master's plate near lower Woodburn Bridge, was called on by a sentinel to stand ; but hastening his pace, he was fired at and shot.

In the course of Friday, the French liberated most of the prisoners confined in the county of Antrim goal. There was only one woman in the prison of the county of the town of Carrickfergus, charged with the murder of her child, and they did not release her, " professing the utmost detestation of the crime with which she stood charged."

As the town of Carrickfergus could not produce the required supply of provisions, the Rev. David Fullerton, a dissenting clergyman, accompanied by a French officer, proceeded to Belfast with a flag of truce, and a letter to the sovereign of that town ; demanding provisions to the value of about £1200, which it was stated would be paid for, and threatening, if not immediately sent, to burn both Belfast and Carrickfergus. The answer returned was, that " their wishes would be complied with as soon as possible;" and, in part of the demand, two lighters were loaded on Friday evening,

but the weather was so rough that they were unable to sail. On Saturday morning, a flag of truce was sent from Belfast to the French commandant, to state the cause of the delay, and to assure him that one lighter would, if possible, proceed with the evening tide : this vessel did so, but was stopped in Garmoyle by a tender commanded by Lieutenant Gentil. Intelligence having reached Carrickfergus that armed parties had been seen in motion, from the assembling of some militia, and the expected supply of provisions not having arrived, another flag of truce was despatched to Belfast, with a letter from Mr. Fullerton to the sovereign, acquainting him that if the provisions were not forthcoming early next morning, the French "would burn Carrickfergus, put the inhabitants to the sword, and march to Belfast."

"These threats had the desired effect; for early on Sunday, some cars arrived from Belfast, with part of the promised provisions, and a number of live bullocks, with which returned as drovers some of the inhabitants who had guarded the French prisoners to Belfast. The lighter that had been detained, also arrived about the same time, and the enemy were very busy this evening in getting provisions and fresh water on board. Monday they continued actively employed as above, and evidently were in some confusion; it

was believed they had received notice of the troops marching against them."

On Tuesday, the last of the French force, which consisted of volunteer drafts from regular regiments,* embarked from the Quay of Carrickfergus, at four in the afternoon, taking with them the Mayor, Mr. Spaight, port surveyor, and the Rev. David Fullerton, as hostages for the delivery of the French prisoners. The latter gentleman, being very unwell, was afterwards put on shore at Kilroot.

They had scarcely left the town, when the advanced guard of the English forces arrived from Belfast, whither the following regiments had been marched, with all speed from different parts of the kingdom: Pole's (10th), Anstruther's (26th), Sandford's (52nd), and Seabright's foot; with Mostyn's, Yorke's, and Whitley's (7th, 8th, and 9th Light) Dragoons.

At four in the morning of the following Thursday (28th) Captain Elliot's squadron got sight of Thurot's ship, and gave chase.

* French Guards. Le Comte De Kersalls Commandant,
M. de Cavenac Colonel.

Swiss Guards.	Cassailas	„
Regiment of Burgundy.	De Roussilly	„
„ Camkise.	Frechcan	„
Hussars	Le Comte de Skerdeck	„
Volunteers Etrangers	—————	„

The details of the action supplied by the logs of these vessels are as follows:—

H. M. S. *Æolus*.—"Wednesday, 27th February 1760.—Wind W.N.W. and N.W. strong gales and squally.

"28th.—Wind N. by W. N.N.W. N. by E.N. N.E.

"Aire point, Isle of Man.—S.S.E. $\frac{1}{2}$ E. distance 2 miles. First part, strong gales and squally, latter, moderate and clear weather. Wore ship several times, by reason of the narrowness of the channel, at 8 P.M. Mull of Galloway, E. by N. 7 miles. At 12 Copland Light, N.W. $\frac{1}{2}$ N. 4 leagues, at 3 A.M. discovered 3 sails to windward, cleared ship and gave chase, at 6 discovered the chase to be the enemy's, fired two chase guns, which they returned; at half past 6 got close along side the largest of the enemy and engaged, and soon after the action became general, and continued about an hour and half, when our antagonist struck her colours, as did the other two soon follow her example. They proved to be the *Marshall Bellisle*, Mon. Thurott commander, the *La Blond*, and *Terpsichore* (being lockt with the *M. Bellisle*) was obliged to let go our small Br. anchor to clear us, slipt the cable and bore away for Ramsey Bay in the Isle of Man, to refit the ships which were all greatly disabled in the action. We

had 4 men killed, and 15 men wounded, the enemy about 300 killed and wounded, amongst the first was Mons. Thurott, Commodore, with several officers of distinction."

"Friday 29.—Wind N.E. Moored in Ramsey Bay. Light breezes and cloudy at 3 P.M. anchored in Ramsey Bay, B^t. Br. and moored a cable each way. It was with great difficulty we kept the M. Bellisle from sinking, she having six foot in the hold. A.M. employed repairing our rigging &c.

"Saturday, March 1.—N.W. Moored in Ramsey Bay, ditto weather, sailed the Pallas with five hundred prisoners for Belfast; employed fishing, the masts being all wounded."

The log of the Brilliant, Captain James Loggie, represents that vessel to be on the 28th February distant three miles from the point of Air, in the Isle of Man, S. E. $\frac{1}{2}$ S. At 8, when the enemy struck, the Point, bearing S.E. by S. distant 7 or 8 miles. A Lieutenant and 30 men were put on board La Blonde prize; and the Pallas is recorded to have sailed on the 1st for Ireland, with 550 prisoners.

The log of the Pallas, Captain Michael Clements, states that vessel to be on the 28 February 1760, with the Point of Air on the Isle of Man, S.E. by E. distant 2 miles.

"First part, fresh gales and squally, middle

and latter moderate and fair, at 3 P.M. unbent the mainsail, and bent another, at 4 A.M. saw three strange ships on our weather bow, bearing down upon us, cleared ship and gave them chase, they hauled their wind for the Mull of Galloway, then bore away right before it, at daylight were almost within gun shot, out 3rd and 2nd reefs of the top sails, got up top gallant yards, quarter past 6 the *Æolus* made the signal for engaging. They proved to be the Marshal Bellisle, La Blond, and La Terpsichore French frigates; half-past 6 began to engage, and at 8 they struck. During the engagement had one man killed and two wounded, our sails and rigging very much damaged, one shot through our main mast, and our best bower anchor shot away, when they struck the Point of Air on the Isle of Man, bore S.E. distant 3 or 4 miles, at 9, the *Æolus* made the signal to anchor, and bore away for Ramsay Bay, sent our first lieutenant, a mate and nineteen men on board the *Terpsichore*. At noon the Point of Air S.E. by E. distance 2 miles, the *Commodore* made our signal to stay by the Bellisle, she having made the signal of distress."

2nd March—employed sending the prisoners ashore to Carrickfergus.

Such are the meagre accounts supplied by the official documents respecting this smart action;—

nor do the private letters communicated by Mr. Cole, furnish any anecdotes, as they are all most business-like;—one from the first lieutenant of the *Æolus* to his agents, may serve as an example.

“Portsmouth, 29 March 60.

“Gentlemen,

I received your favour of the 27th with pleasure, and am much obliged to you for your good wishes in setting me down Commander of the *Bellisle*; I wish Lord Anson could be brought to think as you do, I might then be satisfy'd tho' with a much less ship; my command is yet very uncertain. As for the particulars you desire to know, they really are soon told, for I know no more than three English frigates engaging three French and taking them. As for making you part agents, was it in my power you should have the whole, you shall be mine while you think it worth while. I should by this post send you up my journals, but wait to see whether I may make them up for my whole time in the *Æolus*, or a twelve month only.

“I am, Gentleman, with esteem,

“Your obliged humble servant,
P. FORBES.”

Captain Elliot, after placing some of his men, who were dangerously wounded, on shore in Ram-

sey, under the care of Mr. Thomas Gillespie, surgeon of that place, dispatched the Pallas with some of his prisoners to Carrickfergus, and hired a small vessel for the transport of 200 more of them to Whitehaven. On the 3rd of March the Pallas returned from Carrickfergus, after landing 450 prisoners; and H. M. S. Nightingale and Weazle having arrived in Ramsey Bay, 158 supernumeraries and marine recruits were discharged from them into the *Æolus* and *Brilliant*, for the purpose of manning the three prizes, and with the Pallas in company, the six frigates sailed on the 7th from Ramsey. On the 9th the wind changing, Captain Elliot judged it right to bear away for Kinsale, where he arrived with his little victorious squadron on the 10th, and from whence he proceeded to Spithead, where he anchored on the 25th March.

“The Irish House of Commons voted their thanks to the several captains of His Majesty’s ships of war, who on the 28th February signalized their courage and conduct, in pursuing, defeating, and taking the French squadron, *that rashly and fruitlessly presumed to insult the coasts of that kingdom*; expressing their high sense of the honour and advantage accrued to that kingdom by their diligence, bravery, and success; and the discouragement thereby given to such vain attempts

for the future." And likewise to lieutenant-colonel Jennings, "for his prudent and resolute conduct at Carrickfergus, and for the gallant stand he made there, against a much superior force, by which he gained time for the militia to assemble, and preserved Belfast from being plundered."

"Even this inconsiderable action," says the editor of the *Annual Register*, "added to the glory of the English arms. None had been better conducted, or fought with greater resolution. This sole insult on our coasts was severely punished; and not a vessel concerned in it escaped.* The public indeed lamented the death of brave Thurot, who, even whilst he commanded a privateer, fought less for plunder than honour; whose behaviour was on all occasions full of humanity and generosity; and whose undaunted courage raised him to rank and merited distinction. His death secured the glory he always sought; he did not live to be brought a prisoner into England, or to hear

* This was not the case,—the Begon, which was supposed to have foundered, returned to Dunkirk,—and the Amaranth, which had separated from Thurot's squadron on the 12th February, got back to France by the west of Ireland, and reached St. Malo on the 25th of that month; which port her crew entered "almost dead with fatigue, hunger, and thirst."

in France those malignant criticisms, which so often attend unfortunate bravery. This was the fate of the last remaining branch of that grand armament, which had so long been the hope of France, the alarm of England, and the object of general attention to Europe."

T. C. C.

Hyde Park Gate, South,

Kensington Gore.

26th October 1846.

CAPTURE OF CARRICKFERGUS,
BY THUROT.

I.

HAWKE'S VICTORY.

THE action between the English fleet, commanded by Sir Edward Hawke, and the French fleet, by M. de Conflans, off Quiberon Bay, saved the south of Ireland from invasion, and probably the city of Cork from being burned. On the 29th October 1759, the Duke of Bedford, then Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, announced to the House of Commons that Mr. Secretary Pitt had, by his Majesty's express command, acquainted him that it appeared "by repeated most authentic intelligences, that France, far from desisting from the plan of invasion on account of the disaster happened to her Toulon squadron, is rather more and more confirmed therein, and even instigated by despair itself, to attempt at all hazards the only resource she seems to think left her, for breaking, by such a diversion given us at home, the measures of England abroad, in prosecution of a war, which hitherto, by the blessing of God on his Majesty's arms, opens in all parts of the world so unfavourable a prospect to the views of France; and Mr. Secretary Pitt having added on this subject, that there is a strong probability, in case of the body of

the troops, consisting of 18,000 men* under the command of the Duc d'Aiguillon, assembled at Vannes, where more than sufficient transports for that number are actually prepared, and ready to receive them on board, should (as the season of the year is growing less favourable for cruising) be able to elude his Majesty's squadrons, *Ireland will not fail to be one of their objects.*"

Hawke's squadron, consisting of twenty-three ships of the line, besides frigates, left Torbay; and Conflans's, consisting of twenty-one ships of the line and several frigates, left Brest on the same day, the 14th November 1759. But the French are said to have out-numbered the English by 4270 men; and the engagement took place, as already mentioned, on the 20th. Hawke ordered his ship to reserve her fire, until laid alongside that of Conflans; the master remonstrated on the almost inevitable danger of the coast. Hawke replied,

* In addition to this force, 7000 men are believed to have been formed into five Irish and one Scotch brigade, who had among themselves arranged for the division of the counties of Cork, Kerry, Limerick, Clare, and Galway, and such parts of the country where they expected to meet most friends. This was probably the last movement in favour of the Pretender made by France. Conflans, it is stated, was most assuredly ordered to leave them there; and the Duke, and those with him, were to make a conquest of the whole island, or lose their lives in the attempt. It is most certainly true, that the Duke d'Aiguillon had then in his pocket a commission from the French king, as viceroy of Ireland.

“You have done your duty in this remonstrance, now obey my orders, and lay me along-side the French admiral.” A French ship of 74 guns generously put herself between them. The English admiral was obliged to bestow on her the fire he had reserved for a greater occasion, and with one broadside sent her to the bottom.

The victory was for a considerable time doubtful; but at last was decided about four in the afternoon, by the *Formidable*, of 80 guns and 1000 men, bearing the flag of Rear-Admiral de St. André du Verger, striking her colours. About the same time, the *Superbe* and *Thésée*, each of 74 guns, sunk. The *Héros*, another 74, struck, hauled down her colours, and came to anchor, but it was blowing such a gale of wind, that no boat could be sent to take possession. The *Soleil Royal* (said to have been the finest ship of the French navy), of 80 guns and 1200 men, commanded by Conflans, in the darkness of the night came to anchor in the midst of Hawke's squadron; at day-break, Conflans ordered her cable to be cut, and she drove on shore. Hawke no sooner saw the French admiral, than he made a signal to the *Essex*, of 60 guns, to slip her cable and follow, in doing which, she ran on a sand-bank and was lost, together with another ship of the British fleet, the *Resolution*, of 74 guns; the crews, however, with the greater part of the stores were saved, and the wrecks set on fire, to prevent their falling into the hands of the enemy. In the mean time, the *Soleil Royal* lay beating on shore, and the French perceiving the English preparing to

destroy her, set her on fire. The English, therefore, returned, and burned the Héros, which was also aground. The Juste, another large French ship, was lost at the mouth of the river Loire. Next morning, the storm increased to such a degree, that seven of the French fleet threw overboard their cannon and stores in order to facilitate their escape.

In this important general action, the English had only 1 lieutenant and 39 men killed, with 202 wounded. Admiral Hawke was thanked by the English House of Commons, in February 1760, for his services, and in the following month was presented with the freedom of the city of Cork in a gold box.

On the terrace of Rostellan, in Cork harbour, the seat of the Marquis of Thomond, there stands, says Sir Richard Hoare, in his *Tour through Ireland* (1806), "a statue of Admiral Hawke, the position of which rather surprised me, as the back of this celebrated warrior was turned upon the very element on which he had acquired such immortal honour. I was told that the following circumstance gave rise to placing the figure in this position. Upon the defeat of the French fleet commanded by Conflans, in the year 1759, the city of Cork ordered a statue to be cast of the English Admiral Hawke; but on its completion, some objections were made to the expense by the citizens; upon which, the noble Inchiquin said, 'that he would pay for it,' which he did; and, as a rebuke, placed the admiral's figure on a pedestal, with his back turned towards the ungrateful city. Mr. O'Brien, the present

inhabitant of the place, and who, on the death of the Marquis of Thomond, succeeds to the earldom of Inchiquin," continues Sir Richard Hoare, "told me a most singular anecdote relating to this same statue, and which in a less enlightened age than the present might have been considered as ominous; that the admiral's right arm, which grasped a sword, fell off on the very day that the French landed on the coast of Ireland, at Bantry Bay."

"This same statue" was blown down in the winter of 1834-5, and, the Editor was told, has not been set up again.

Two songs on Hawke's victory have already appeared in a collection of *The early Naval Ballads of England*, edited for the Percy Society by Mr. Halliwell, in 1841, p. 131 and p. 134; but that entitled *Neptune's Resignation* is again printed, as many of the readings differ from the version preserved in Sir Richard Hoare's *Tour*, and which is the one here followed.

NEPTUNE'S RESIGNATION.

THE watery god, great Neptune, lay,
In dalliance soft, and amorous play,
On Amphitrite's breast;
When uproar raised its horrid head,
His palace shook, the Tritons fled,
And each his fear confess'd.

Loud thunder shook his wide domain,
The liquid world was wrapt in flame,
The god amazed spoke—
“Ye winds go forth, and make it known,
Who dares to shake my coral throne,
And veil my realms in smoke?”

The winds submissive to his nod,
Sprung strongly up to obey their god,
And saw two fleets at sea;
The one, victorious Hawke! was thine,
The other, Conflans' broken line
In terror and dismay.

Amaz'd they saw Britannia's sons,
Destruction deal from all their guns,
Their conquering shouts resound;
While vanquish'd Gallia's hapless slaves
Sunk to their deaths in briny graves,
Beneath the deep profound.

The winds return'd, and told their chief,
That France was ruin'd past belief,
And Hawke triumphant rode:
“Hawke!” Neptune cried, “why who is he,
Who thus usurps my power at sea,
And dares defy a god?”

The winds replied, — “ In distant lands,
There lives a king, who Hawke commands,
Who scorns all foreign force!
And when his floating castles roll,
From sea to sea, from pole to pole,
Great Hawke directs their course.

And when his winged bullets fly
To punish fraud and perfidy,
And scourge a guilty land,
Then gallant Hawke, serenely great,
Though death and horror round him wait,
Fulfil the dread command.”

Neptune with wonder heard the story
Of George's power and Britain's glory,
Which time shall ne'er subdue;
Boscawen's deeds and Saunders' fame,
Joined with brave Wolfe's immortal name,
And cried, “ Can this be true ? ”

“ A king ! he needs must be a god,
Who has such heroes at his nod,
To govern earth and sea ;
I yield my trident and my crown,—
A tribute due to such renown,—
Great George shall rule for me ! ”

II.

THE SIEGE OF CARRICKFERGUS.

THE late Mr. Mac Skimin, in his *History of Carrickfergus* (p. 88), having stated that, "Immediately after [the capture of the town by the French], a ballad was written and published here, by a William Magennis, called *The Siege of Carrickfergus*;"* the Editor, in 1836, requested him to procure a copy of this ballad. In reply, Mr. Mac Skimin wrote: "I send you the song required, with the exception of the last verse, which I still hope to obtain for you.† I could not procure a printed copy, and the annexed was taken down from an old man. It is, I believe, very correct, as I have some recollection of most of the lines, having heard the song when a boy. There was also another song made regarding the French at Carrickfergus. I have the greatest part of it, but it never was so popular as the song I now send you,—perhaps, from its tune being less lively. In 1760, there was a pamphlet

* Mr. Mac Skimin adds: "In 1764, a play was published in Belfast, bearing the same title; and in 1770, a pantomime was presented on the Belfast stage, by the name of *Thurot, or the Siege of Carrickfergus*."

† Mr. Mac Skimin subsequently sent to the Editor the sixth and seventh verses.

published at Belfast, respecting this invasion. I have never been able to procure a copy, and have only met with one person who had it."

The following ballad, Mr. Mac Skimin informed the Editor, was sung to the well-known melody of "Haste to the Wedding." It is here given, not after his manuscript version, but after a copy, differing only slightly from it, in "*Johnson's Lottery Song Book, or Vocal Adventurer*, containing a choice collection of the most admired Love, Hunting, and Bacchanalian Songs, that are sung in the most polite circles ; with a number of new, spirited, and genteel Toasts, Sentiments, and Hob-nobs. London: printed for E. Johnson and Co., at their old Licensed State Lottery Office, No. 4, Ludgate Hill." The date of which publication is fixed by an engraving resembling a lottery ticket, being inserted opposite to the title page:—

"LONDON, N^O. 5m 854, LOTTERY, 1779.

"I promise to sell the BEARER a State Lottery Ticket for one shilling, if the above Number is the first drawn on Either of the first five days ; and if it is the first drawn on the Tenth Day, to sell the BEARER three State Lottery Tickets for three shillings, which Tickets may be drawn prizes of TWENTY THOUSAND, TEN THOUSAND, AND FIVE THOUSAND POUNDS each.

"(Signed,) JOHNSON & Co.,

"At his Lottery Office, licensed by Parliament,

"No. 4, Ludgate Hill;"

and to which is prefixed a portrait of "Mrs. Wrihten of Drury Lane Theatre."

The communication of this *Lottery Song Book* to the

Editor, increases the obligations of the Percy Society to Mr. Fairholt. Mr. Wright, our zealous Secretary, has also placed in the Editor's hands, a chap book printed at Glasgow by J. and M. Robertson, Salt-market, 1801, containing "The Siege of Carrickfergus, or Thurot's defeat," to which are added other songs, embellished with a rude wood-cut evidently designed to represent the attack on Carrickfergus Castle. But as by a printer's error, intentional or otherwise, no less than nine verses of a ballad written with reference to some different affair are strangely comingled after the verse ending with "brave Captain Bland," and the subsequent verse, it is only necessary here to mention this copy, as one that has come under the Editor's notice, and which he believes to be a rare printed illustration of the manner in which information was conveyed in Ireland and Scotland among those disaffected to the English Government in 1798.

THE SIEGE OF CARRICKFERGUS.

*From*¹ Dunkirk, in France, in the month of September,
 Fitted out was a fleet, and away they did sail;
*And*² Monsieur Thurot, their *only*³ commander,
 With him at their head they were sure not to fail.
*So*⁴ away they did steer, without dread or fear,
 And searched and plunder'd *all ships they could find*,⁵

The readings given at foot are from Mr. Mac Skimin's MS.

1 At 2 under 3 chief 4 Then

5 The coasts all around. (The rhyme proves this to be correct, unless the eighth line, as probably originally written, ended with "wind.")

[Till⁶] at length they arriv'd *on the coast of old Ireland*,⁷
And landed their men on our Irish ground.

[It was⁸] At Carrickfergus, in the north of *this*
kingdom,⁹

They landed their men and march'd up to our walls;
Then cry'd the undaunted, brave, colonel Jennings,¹⁰

My boys, *let's*¹¹ salute them with powder and balls.
*The battle began, and*¹² the guns they did rattle,

And bravely we fought under Jennings' command,
Said he, *play away*,¹³ play away, my brave boys,
The beggars the force of our fire cannot stand.

The town *then they took*¹⁴ without *any*¹⁵ resistance,
The castle they thought was as easy likewise ;
*So they*¹⁶ came marching up in¹⁷ grand divisions,
To storm it, *then*¹⁸ guarded *by the*¹⁹ brave Irish boys.
But we kept constant fire, and made them retire,
Till our ammunition entirely was gone ;
Then aloud *we*²⁰ did say, brave boys let's away,
And *sally out on*²¹ them with sword in hand.

6 Till (omitted).

7 in the north of our kingdom,

8 It was (omitted).

9 Old Ireland,

10 Says brave Colonel Jennings, our valiant commander,

11 we'll

12 So we begun the battle,

13 play,

14 it was taken

15 much

16 And

17 three (omitted).

18 the gates

19 with

20 they

21 we'll sally upon

*But says*²² our brave colonel, "We cannot defend it,
*For*²³ to make a sally *it is but*²⁴ in vain,
*As*²⁵ our ammunition, *you see is*²⁶ expended ;
*We'll therefore*²⁷ submit, *and*²⁸ good terms *we'll*²⁹ obtain,
 For plainly you see, *that to*³⁰ one *they*³¹ are three,
*'Tis*³² best *then*³³ in time *for*³⁴ to capitulate :
 [For³⁵] If they take it by storm, by the *law*³⁶ of arms,
 Then death without mercy will sure be our fate."

*Then these beggars obtained*³⁷ possession of Carrick,
*Where they revell'd and sotted, and drunk all the while,*³⁸
 Poor people they *did sorely*³⁹ ransack and plunder,
 And hoisted *it*⁴⁰ all on board the Belleisle ;
 But Elliot *soon*⁴¹ met them, *nor away did he let them,*⁴²
*But forc'd*⁴³ them to yield up their ill-gotten store ;
 Now, *monsieurs,*⁴⁴ lament in the deepest contrition,⁴⁵
*For now you can brag of your Thurot*⁴⁶ no more.

22 Then said 23 But 24 you see its

25 For 26 is entirely

27 Therefore we'll 28 in hopes

29 to 30 for

31 there 32 So it's

33 now 34 *dele* for.

35 For (omitted). 36 laws

37 These ruffians on obtaining

38 They bullied and roved, and drank the whole while,

39 sorely did 40 *dele* it.

41 he 42 and soon did attack them,

43 And made 44 Which makes them

45 in deep discontent,

46 So, Monsieurs, of your Thurot you can brag

Let's exalt the brave Elliot, who gained *this*⁴⁷ action,
 And sing to his praise in *the joyfullest*⁴⁸ song ;
*For*⁴⁹ we of our foes have got satisfaction,
 And Thurot lies rotting in the Isle of Man.
 Their general is wounded, *his*⁵⁰ schemes are confounded,
*The brave British tars they can never withstand ;*⁵¹
 The fire of *the fierce and*⁵² the bold British lions
*Appear'd in the men under*⁵³ brave Captain Bland.
*But now to bring my story to a conclusion,*⁵⁴
*Let's drink a good health*⁵⁵ to our officers all ;
 First brave colonel Jennings, *likewise*⁵⁶ Bland *our*⁵⁷
 captain,
*Yet*⁵⁸ never forgetting the brave Mr. Hall.
 Let's drink and be *jolly,*⁵⁹ and drown melancholy,
*So*⁶⁰ merrily *let us*⁶¹ rejoice *too,*⁶² and sing ;
 So fill up your bowls, *all ye*⁶³ loyal souls,
*And*⁶⁴ toast a *good*⁶⁵ health *to*⁶⁶ great George our
 king.

47 the

48 every

49 Since

50 their

51 Their cavalry legions never can stand

52 so fair of

53 Commanded by the bold and

54 Now to conclude, and to end my ditty,

55 In toasting a health

56 next

57 the

58 And

59 merry,

60 And

61 we'll

62 now,

63 you brave

64 Let's here

65 *dele* good.

66 unto

III.

THUROT'S DREAM.

THE title of this song refers to the popular belief that Thurot, in consequence of a dream, was possessed with a presentiment of his death. That this may have been the case appears not improbable, from the statement of the French Lieutenant-General Cavenac to John Wesley, which Wesley has preserved in his Journal, 5th May 1760. "The next morning [after sailing from Carrickfergus] as he [Thurot] was walking the deck, he frequently started without any visible cause, stopped short, and said 'I shall die to-day.' "

The ballad-maker, however, has availed himself of the supposed mysterious warning imparted to Thurot, for a satirical purpose, in making the voice of his grandfather advise him to flight from Ireland; as O'Farrell, Thurot's grandfather, is said to have recommended James II to secure his retreat after the Battle of the Boyne, and to have been the agent who procured a vessel at Waterford, for the conveyance of the abdicating monarch to France. O'Farrell accompanied James, and when in embarking the king's hat was blown off, that officer offered his own to the king, which James graciously received, observing, that

if he should lose a crown in Ireland, he certainly would remember that he had gained a hat there.

The attention of the editor was first directed to this song, by Mr. Jerdan's enquiry (1830) whether he knew a ballad commencing with—

“ My heart it lies breaking for Carrickfergus town,
That pretty situation the enemy pulled down”

which he remembered as a boy to have heard sung in Kelso? Upon the editor stating that he was unacquainted with the lines, and requesting Mr. Jerdan to furnish him with any other lines that he could recollect: that gentlemen, without hesitation, wrote thus in reply:—

“ On the twenty-fifth of February [qu. the month]
as I've heard people say,
Three [qu. six]* French ships of war came and
anchored in our Bay.”

“ As Thurot lay in his cabin, he dreamed a dream,
There was a voice came to him and called him by
his name :
Saying, Thurot you're to blame for your long lying
here,

* Mr. Jerdan, in the kind, prompt, and characteristic note accompanying this version, has misplaced his first quere; it should have been after the day of the, and not the month. And in his subsequent quere, certainly he saw not but remembered “double,” although, historically speaking, he is correct as to the force intended for the invasion on the north of Ireland.

For the English will be here to-night, the wind
bloweth fair."

In the version now printed of nearly the entire ballad, Mr. Mac Skimin's MS. is followed, except in the third verse, which is given, as more probably the original, for the reasons stated, from a manuscript handed to the editor by the late Mr. Allan Cunningham.—Mr. Mac Skimin's version of the third verse runs thus :—

"As Thurot lay in his hammock, one night he did
dream,
That a spirit came unto him, and called him by his
name :
Saying, Thurot, you're to blame for lying so long
here,
For the English will be in this night, the wind it is
fair."

But these really unimportant readings are here recorded, as illustrative of the oral transmission of a song, of which the editor has never seen a printed copy.

In 1837, Mr. Mac Skimin informed the editor, that this and the preceding song "were common in print," but he says, "I have not seen either in print for upwards of thirty years." And in 1840 that he has "not as yet been able to procure the two lines wanting of this song," adding, "but I still hope to get them." Alas, Mr. Mac Skimin died on the 17th February, 1843.

THUROT'S DREAM.

The twenty-first of February, as I've heard the people
say,

Three French ships of war came and anchored in our
Bay :

They hoisted English colours, and landed at Kilroot,
And marched their men for Carrick, without further
dispute.

Colonel Jennings being there, at that pretty town,
His heart it was a breaking, while the enemy came down :
He could not defend it for the want of powder and
ball,

And aloud to his enemies for "quarter" did he call.

As Thurot in his cabin lay, he dreamed a dream,
That his grandsire's voice came to him and called him
by his name :

Saying, Thurot you're to blame for lying so long here,
For the English will be in this night, the wind it
bloweth fair.*

Then Thurot started up, and said unto his men,
"Weigh your anchors, my brave lads, and let us begone :

* The meaning of this line is, that the English may be expected, and that the wind blows fair for Thurot to escape. This was so ; the wind on the 27th February, 1760, at Carrickfergus is recorded to have been "W.N.W. and N.W. strong gales and squally."

We'll go off this very night, make all the haste you
can,
And we'll steer south and south-east, straight for the
Isle of Man."

Upon the next day the wind it blew north west,
And Elliot's gallant seamen, they sorely were oppressed,
They could not get in that night, the wind it blew so
high :

And as for Monsieur Thurot, he was forced for to lie
by.

Early the next morning, as daylight did appear,
Brave Elliot he espied them, which gave to him great
cheer,
It gave to him great cheer, and he to his men did say,
"Boys, yonder's Monsieur Thurot, we'll shew him
warm play."

The first ship that came up was the Brilliant without
doubt,
She gave to them a broadside, and then she wheeled
about :

The other two then followed her, and fired another
round,
"Oh, oh, my lads," says Thurot, "this is not Carrick
town."

Then out cried Monsieur Thurot, with his visage pale
and wan,

“Strike, strike, your colours, brave boys, or they’ll
sink us—every man :

Their weighty shot comes in so hot, on both the
weather and the lee,
Strike your colours, my brave boys, or they’ll sink us
in the sea.”

Before they got their colours struck, great slaughter
was made,
And many a gallant Frenchman on Thurot’s decks lay
dead,
They came tumbling down the shrouds, upon his deck
they lay,
While our brave Irish heroes cut their booms and
yards away.

.
. *

And as for Monsieur Thurot, as I’ve heard people say,
He was taken up by Elliot’s men and buried in Ramsey
Bay.

Now for to conclude, and put an end unto my song,
To drink a health to Elliot, I hope it is not wrong ;
And may all French invaders be served the same way,
Let the English beat the French by land, our Irish
boys on sea.

* “I expect to make out the above two lines wanting.”—Note
by Mr. Mac Skimin.

IV.

THE CAPTURE OF CARRICKFERGUS.

“Taken down,” says Mr. Mac Skimin, after whose MS. this song is given, “from an old man, January 1836,” and he adds, “I do not recollect of ever seeing this song in print.”—

“I now recollect,” he adds, “that there was another song on the same subject, but I cannot find any person who has it, and I now remember only two lines, though I had it all by heart when a very young boy. I cannot be mistaken, as its tune was so very different from the other. The words that occur to me are, when speaking of Elliot, that he

“Sailed with his three frigates from Kinsale,
On the pursuit of Monsieur Thurot.”

and the tune was “Moll Roe.”—

 THE CAPTURE OF CARRICKFERGUS.

Louis of France with hunger loud does cry,
“A shepherd’s dog in Ireland, lives better far than I,
With their butter and their bacon, they have them in
stores,
But I’ll send forth my forces, to plunder their shores.”
Sing fall, &c.

It was lately I dreamed my army was away,
And all these rich dainties, I thought were their prey;—
So in the province of Ulster invaded were we,
By Commodore Thurot, and French frigates three.
Sing fall, &c.

To Londonderry city, their course they did steer,
But they were prevented, although very near,
Their fleet while at sea, they were scattered away,
By a storm from the heavens, which did them dismay.
Sing fall, &c.

But three of them remained, and there came about,
To the bay of Carrickfergus, near the point of Kilroot;
Then with flat boats, they landed a thousand men well
armed,
Under English colours, to prevent our being alarmed.
Sing fall, &c.

Under General Thurot, these men did march away,
Unto Carrickfergus, and he to them did say,
The garrison are but a handful of silly gossoons,*
And at our appearance, I'm sure they will run.
Sing fall, &c.

* *Gossoon*, now popularly considered an Irish word, does not belong to the Irish language, in which it appears to have been adopted from the Anglo-norman *garson*, or *garçon*. The modern acceptance of the word in Ireland is hobbledy-hoy.

But sore he was mistaken, for soon they let him know,
 And left him broken-legged, to France he could not go;
 One hundred of his soldiers, and more they did
 destroy,

With nothing but the loss of four Carrick boys.—

Sing fall, &c.

Like unto hearts of gold, so bravely they did stand,
 Though but one hundred and fifty, against a thousand
 men ;

And they were all six feet high, of chosen tories wild,*
 And slighted us gossoons, as Flobert them styled.

Sing fall, &c.

They sail'd away by morning, before the sun arose,
 Brave Elliot he espied them, and cried, "Boys, here
 are foes !"

* Upon the words "six feet high" Mr. Mac Skimin observes :
 "The French troops were volunteers from different corps, and
 are still recorded here for their fine appearance ; especially a
 corps of the Swiss Guards and some Hussars." John Wesley
 in his Journal, 1 May 1760, says, "General Flaubert, who com-
 manded the French troops at Carrickfergus, was just gone from
 Lord Moira's. Major Bragelon was now there, a man of fine
 person, and extremely graceful behaviour. Both these affirmed
 that the French were all picked men out of the king's guards ;
 that their commission was to land either at Londonderry or
 Carrickfergus, while Monsieur Conflans landed in the south ;
 and if they did not do this within three months to return directly
 to France.

With frigates three like fire darts, he boldly did
pursue,

He from Kinsale had sailed, these robbers to subdue.

Sing fall, &c.

“My boys,” he says, “they’re yonder, betwixt us and
the sun;

Now coolly and with courage, fall on, my boys, fall on !”

And betwixt the mull of Galloway, and the point of
Ayre,

The thundering of our cannon the nations round did
hear.

Sing fall, &c.

Now in this hard engagement, poor Thurot he did die,
By an unlucky shot that through his heart did fly ;

Aloud they called for quarter, for lady Mary’s sake,

For Captain Elliot’s cannon made all their hearts to
quake.

Sing fall, &c.

And now then taken prisoners, upon the raging main,

And back to Carrickfergus they were brought again ;*

Here’s the praise of brave Elliot, who conquered the foe,

And likewise to Clements and Loggie also.

Sing fall, &c.

* John Wesley in his Journal, 18th April 1760, notes, that he
“went with Miss F—— to see the French prisoners sent from
Carrickfergus.” They were surprised at hearing as good French
spoken in Dublin as they could have heard in Paris, and still
more at being exhorted to heart-religion, to the “faith that
worketh by love.”

V.

EPITAPH ON M. THUROT.

Copied from one of the poetical articles in the Gentleman's Magazine, vol. xxx. p. 148, for March 1760.

Thurot's personal appearance and conduct at Carrickfergus, are thus described by John Wesley in his Journal, 5th May 1760, from the narrative of Mrs. Cobham. While that lady was in attendance upon General Flaubert after he had been wounded, "a little plain-dressed man came in, to whom they all showed a particular respect. It struck into her mind, 'Is not this Mr. Thurot?' which was soon confirmed." "She said to him, 'Sir, you seem much fatigued: will you step to my house and refresh yourself?' He readily accepted the offer. She prepared a little veal, of which he ate moderately, and drank three glasses of small warm punch; after which he told her—'I have not taken any food before for eight and forty hours.' She asked, 'Sir, will you be pleased to take a little rest now?' Observing he started, she added, 'I will answer life for life, that none shall hurt you under my roof.' He said, 'Madam, I believe you; I accept the offer.' He desired that two of his men

might lie on the floor by the bed side, slept about six hours, and then returning her many thanks, went aboard his ship.

“Five days he was kept in the bay by contrary winds. When he sailed he took the mayor of Carrick and another gentleman as hostages, for the delivery of the French prisoners.”

The presentiment felt by Thurot respecting his death, has been already mentioned on the authority of Wesley. He thus continues—“Awhile after, he (Thurot) said to one of the English, ‘Sir, I see three ships; pray take my glass and tell me freely what you think they are?’ He looked some time, and said, ‘I think they are English, and I guess they are about forty-gun ships.’ He called to his officers and said, ‘Our ships are too foul to fight at a distance; we must board them.’ Accordingly when they came up, after a short fire, he ran close up to Captain Elliot, and Captain Scordeck, with his four and twenty hussars, immediately leaped on board. Almost instantly nine of them lay dead; on which he was so much enraged, that he rushed forward with his sabre, among the English, who seized his arms and carried him away. Meantime his men that were left, retired into their own ship. Thurot seeing this, cried out, ‘Why should we throw away the lives of the poor men?’ and ordered them to strike the colours. A man going up to do this was shot dead, as was likewise a second; and before a third could do it Mr. Thurot himself was shot through the heart. So fell a brave man;

giving yet another proof that there is no counsel or strength against the Lord."

EPITAPH ON M. THUROT.

Here lies the pirate brave Thurot,
To merchant's wealth a dreadful foe :
Who, weary of a robber's name
Aspired to gain a hero's fame ;
But oft ambition soars too high,
Like Icarus when he strove to fly :
In short, Thurot with ardour fill'd,
His breast with emulation swelled.
Abjuring Sweden's copper shore,
His course to fair Hibernia bore ;
There took some peasants unprepar'd,
So struck his blow and disappear'd ;
But luckless fate which oft pursues us,
And when we least expect subdues us,
This scheme, how well soe'er concerted,
Into a dire mischance converted,
And made it prove, as we'll relate
The sad forerunner of his fate ;
For Æolus brave Elliot led,
Who early in his school was bred,
Cut short this champion's thread of life,
And with it clos'd the doubtful strife ;
In which Belleisle, a name we own,
Amongst ten thousand heroes known,

Of France, the wonder and the brag,
Again compell'd to drop the flag,*
Was forced such fortune to lament,
As erst her namesake underwent :
But to return to him whose glory
Is now the subject of our story,
He was no wit, nor quite an ass,
But lov'd his bottle and his lass.†
You then good fellows passing by,
Afford the tribute of a sigh,
His fate lament—enough we've said,
Thurot once lived—Thurot is dead.

* The Chevalier de Belleisle, brother to the Marshal, lost his life as he was endeavouring to fix a standard on the Sardinian entrenchments at Exilles, 1747.

† M. Thurot's mistress, it is said, attended all his fortunes, and was on board the Belleisle when he was killed.

POPULAR SONGS,

ETC.

FOR THE SONGS

POPULAR SONGS,
ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE FRENCH
INVASIONS OF IRELAND.

PARTS III AND IV.
THE BANTRY BAY AND KILLALA INVASIONS.

EDITED, WITH INTRODUCTIONS AND NOTES, BY

T. CROFTON CROKER.

**He that Englund would win,
Must with Ireland first begin.**

Old Proverb.

"Mais il ne considère l'Irlande que comme le chemin de Londres."

Life of General Hoche.

LONDON :
PRINTED FOR THE PERCY SOCIETY,
BY RICHARDS, ST. MARTIN'S LANE.

M.DCCC.XLVII.

POPULAR SONGS

ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE ENGLISH

INVASIONS OF IRELAND

PARTS III AND IV

THE BASTARD KING AND KILLALUE INVASION

EDITED BY THE EDITOR OF THE

T. CROFTON CROFTON

THE ILLUSTRATIONS AND NOTES
BY THE EDITOR

1851

Printed by the Editor, at the
Office of the Editor, at the

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BY THE EDITOR, AT THE

OFFICE OF THE EDITOR

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OF
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THE RIGHT HON. LORD BRAYBROOKE, F.S.A.

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GOVERNMENT

OF THE CITY OF BOSTON

PROCEEDINGS

AT THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE BOARD OF ALDERMEN

Held at the City Hall, on the 1st day of January, 1854.

PRESENT, WILLIAM HENRY HIGGINS, Mayor.

J. PETERSON, Esq., Alderman.

EDWIN COBB, Esq., Alderman.

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FRENCH INVASIONS OF IRELAND.

1796—1798.

INTRODUCTION TO PARTS III AND IV.

DURING the war between England and republican France, two armaments were fitted out by France for the invasion of Ireland. Fortunately for England, the first and most formidable of these expeditions arrived before the system of action proposed by the Association of United Irishmen had organized the remote southern districts. And when the two divisions which composed the latter made their appearance, the popular rebellion of 1798 had been so far crushed, that, comparatively speaking, the support given to the French by the country at large was trifling and unimportant.

The first, or BANTRY BAY INVASION, occurred in December 1796. It consisted of a formidable French fleet, with 14,000 troops; which fleet, immediately after its departure from Brest, was

separated by a violent storm. Several of the ships reached Bantry bay on the south-west coast of Ireland, and some of them lay there at anchor for about a week, without making any attempt to land. General Hoche, and Admiral de Galle, the military and naval commanders-in-chief of the expedition, were on board one of the missing ships, and never joined the main body. For this circumstance a curious explanation is first made public in a subsequent page. The French admiral (Bouvet), therefore, hesitated to disembark the troops, without the orders of his superior officer, and finally such of the vessels as had escaped shipwreck or capture returned to France.

The other and last invasion of Ireland occurred in the autumn of 1798. More than three-fourths of the troops upon that occasion destined for Ireland were to sail from Brest, the remainder from Rochefort. Everything was so arranged that the same wind enabled Bompart, the naval commander of the Brest division, and Savary, who commanded that of Rochefort, to set sail simultaneously. The troops were embarked, with the necessary supplies of arms, ammunition and stores. All was ready; and the money required by Generals Hardy and Humbert, was drawn for on the bank in cash, and the necessary orders and advice were given to the treasury.

On the 28th of July, two couriers extraordinary were dispatched from Paris, one to Brest, the other to Rochefort, each bearing an order to the commanders of the expeditions to set sail on the first breath of a favourable wind. General Humbert received the cash intended for him, paid his troops, and Savary's division accordingly sailed from Rochefort on the 4th of August.

At Brest, on the contrary, General Hardy, in consequence of a failure in the transmission of the money, was obliged to send back the extraordinary courier on the 2nd of August, to announce, that nothing but the absolute want of pecuniary means prevented the armament from sailing. And thus was the departure of Bompert's squadron delayed to the 17th of September.

In the meantime, Savary, who had steered a circuitous course, avoided falling in with any English ship, and on the 22nd of August 1798, landed General Humbert and his troops, which should be considered merely as the van-guard of the Brest expedition, at Killala. Humbert's force consisted of about a thousand soldiers. With this small body of men, he surprised and seized the town of Killala; made the bishop prisoner, and then advanced towards Castlebar, where he defeated the British troops, and became master of that town. But after two or three

smart skirmishes Humbert found himself so completely surrounded and overwhelmed by numbers, that he surrendered with his men, as prisoners of war, at Ballinamuck, on the 8th of September, seventeen days after landing.

The Brest division arrived off the coast of the county of Donegal, on the 10th of October following. But an English squadron under the command of Admiral Sir John Borlase Warren, brought this fleet to action, and prevented the landing of troops. The commodore's ship, with the rebel Tone on board, was captured, and of the eight frigates, of which it consisted, two only escaped.

Such is a broad outline of the fate of the invasions of Ireland, by France, at the close of the last century. Various details necessary to illustrate the songs of this period of general excitement and alarm, are given in the foot notes, and where the editor is unable to refer to any general and authentic account (as in the case of the Bantry bay invasion), he has not hesitated to extend the introductory notice into a slight historical sketch.

THE BANTRY BAY INVASION—1796.

No general account of the French invasion of Banttry Bay has been published ; and as the history of all political events is best written after the lapse of one or more centuries, while the anecdotes which form important historical illustrations are best related as soon as possible after the occurrence ; it is evident that the editor stands too remote from either of the periods, to be able satisfactorily to supply this want, did the limits of the present work allow of his doing so.

The paragraphs to be found in the newspapers and periodicals of the day, respecting this important event, are meagre and questionable, and upon the whole the journal of Theobald Wolf Tone, edited by his son, and printed at Washington in 1826, supplies the best information respecting the organization of this formidable armament.

The seditious conduct of Tone in Ireland had caused him to become an exile in America, where, stimulated to action and supplied with funds by his revolutionary friends, he determined on proceeding to France as agent for the Society of United Irishmen. But there can be little doubt that before this movement, Lord

Edward Fitzgerald and Mr. Arthur O'Connor had secretly communicated with the French government, for the invasion of their country. Tone reached Havre on the 2nd of February, 1796; and after his arrival in Paris, he was put into the proper channels for diplomatic negociation by Munro, the American minister. That America was cautiously intriguing for the separation of Ireland from England at this period, is evident from the recommendations given to Tone by Munro, and by Munro's successor (Adet) having offered Tone money for his expenses, when the French government refused to do so, even after he had received a commission in the service of the republic.

The vague plans of the French ministry for the invasion of Ireland, appeared to have assumed a definite shape, which offered some reasonable prospect of success, about the 3rd of April 1796. Three months after, that is to say in June, Tone seems to have been aware of what was going forward. A commission dated the 19th of June as *chef de brigade* (a rank which answers to that of colonel in our service), was given to him; and delighted by this elevation, he, according to his own confession, directly aspired at the post of Ambassador from the Irish republic to France. Early in July Tone was informed by General Clarke, that upon the arrival of General Hoche to confer with the directory, the final arrangements for the invasion of Ireland would be made. At this time Tone's finances were completely exhausted; on the 6th of July he writes: "Here I am, with exactly two louis in

my exchequer, negotiating with the French government and planning revolutions." Tone was introduced on the 12th of July to General Hoche, by whom he was subsequently appointed adjutant general. And he was directed by him to draw up a proclamation respecting the invasion of Ireland, of which important document Hoche on the 23rd of July shewed him a copy in print.

This circumstance would probably be unworthy of notice, did it not prove how effectually secrecy was preserved by the ingenious conduct of Hoche, which prevented a copy of the proclamation falling into the hands of the English spies, who were well known to be abundant in Paris, and also in every considerable sea-port of France, and who were assured of receiving a considerable reward for the authentic communication of any important intelligence. Hoche caused proclamations, as if the armament fitting out at Brest was destined for Portugal, to be printed both at Paris and Brest, with the usual precautions to ensure secrecy, and copies of these speedily reached England. The proclamation as to the real destination of the expedition was printed at the town of Pau, distant nearly two hundred miles from Brest, without any attempt at secrecy, by a common printer who was living there in 1831. This and similar extraordinary manœuvres by Hoche, appear to have completely baffled the activity of the English spies at Brest, and will in some measure account for the vague and doubtful intelligence which it is evident the English government had

respecting the destination of this formidable armament. But the mystery of this extraordinary historical passage remains to be cleared up.

After a residence in Paris of more than seven months, Tone quitted the French capital on the 17th of September, to join General Hoche at Brest. General Lazarus Hoche, to whom the command of the expedition was entrusted, is considered to have been one of the ablest men of his time, and in military skill inferior to none of his contemporaries. "Hoche était un enfant de la révolution"; he was born on the 24th February 1763, had been brought up in the corps of gens-d'armes (or the guards), which first declared in favour of the republic, and we are told from the commencement of his career possessed the proud bearing of a soldier. "Une femme de la cour l'ayant remarqué, dans une revue à Versailles, avait dit avec intérêt, 'On ferait un général de ce jeune homme. Tout son air est, en effet, de quelqu'un qui doit commander aux autres.'" His conduct soon attracted attention; in the battle of Honschoot, Hoche acted as adjutant-general, and so eminently distinguished himself as to induce the committee of public safety to give him the command of the army of the Moselle, which he joined in the winter of 1793. Notwithstanding that the men were suffering many painful privations, and the season was remarkably severe, after fourteen days of hard fighting, and forced marches through a mountainous and snow-covered country, Hoche succeeded in forming a junction with the republican army

of the Rhine. The command of both armies was entrusted to him, and the result of their union was the raising of the blockade of Landau, the expulsion of the enemy from Alsace, and the recapture of the fort Vauban.

The conduct of Hoche, however, fell under suspicion, and he was recalled and imprisoned; owing as is stated in the “*Histoire Moderne*,” of the 18th century, to the hatred of St. Just, and Hoche would doubtless have perished on the scaffold had it not been for the Revolution of 27th July 1794.* On his release he was sent to take the command in La Vendée. At Quiberon, Hoche obtained a decisive victory over a body of royalists, who had returned to their country from England; and much as his success gratified the republicans, his conduct in La Vendée appears to have also received the commendation of his enemies.

In a speech delivered in the Constitutional Circle, by General Jourdan, on the death of Hoche, he says :—
“Hoche was now appointed by government to en-

* The editor is indebted to Mr. Blachford, Member of the Percy Society, for a copy of the following original document respecting Hoche's imprisonment: the date of which is 23rd April 1794.

“Du 23e Germinal an 2 rep. Fr. indivisible.

Le Comité de salut public arrête que le Citoyen Hoche detenu dans la Maison des Carmes en vertu d'un arrêté précédent, sera mis au secret dans cette maison.

J. BARERE.

COLLOT D'HERBOIS.

ROBESPIERRE.

Expedié.

ST. JUST.

COUTHON.

counter new dangers and acquire fresh glory. He embarked to carry liberty to the people of Ireland, and terror to the cabinet of St. James's."

The entire summer of 1796, was consumed in fitting out the armament at Brest; the want of money retarded the equipment, and it was further embarrassed by a bad understanding which existed between the naval and military services. On the 1st of December Tone was ordered on board the *Indomptable* of 80 guns, Captain Bedout. The naval force, he tells us, at this time consisted of fifteen sail of the line, ten frigates, and seven or eight transports, and that 13,400 troops were embarked.* The squadron of Admiral Richery, which had been cruising off the coast of Newfoundland, was directed to repair to Brest to join this fleet; and on board the ships of Richery's squadron 1700 additional troops were embarked. According to Tone, on the 16th of December there were "15,000, or more correctly, 13,975 men, and 45,000 stand of arms embarked" for the invasion of Ireland.† This force of 14,000 is magnified in the

* "The French fleet," according to James, "numbered forty-three sail; of which seventeen were of the line (all two deckers), fourteen frigates, six corvettes, and brigs, and the remaining six, large, roomy transports, some of which had been ships of war. On board this fleet were about twenty-five thousand men, both cavalry and infantry."—Vol. i. 393.

† The following is a list of the names of the ships of which the expedition consisted.

Ships of the line, 17 :—*Indomptable*; *Nestor* (driven on shore :

London Gazette of the 3rd of January 1797, into 20,000, and in the *Annual Register* into 25,000 soldiers.

The address distributed by Hoche among the fleet, the day previous to their departure ran thus:—

(Device. A lictor's axe with a branch of oak on each side, upon a shield, surmounted by the cap of liberty,

James is silent on this); Cassard; Droits de l'homme (driven on shore); Tourville; Eole; Fougueux; Mucius; Redomptable; Patriote; Pluton; Constitution; Trajan; Watigny; Pégase (afterwards the Hoche and H. M. S. Donegal); Revolution; Séduisant (Captain Dufosse, "wrecked Dec. 16, on the grand Stevenet, going out of Brest. About thirteen hundred and forty of her fourteen hundred seamen and troops perished." *James*, vol. ii).

Frigates 13:—La Cocard; Bravoure; Immortalité (Rear Admiral Bouvet and General Grouchy); Bellone; Coquille; Romaine; Sirène; Impatiente ("wrecked 30th of December on the Mizen head; crew except seven perished." *James*, vol. ii.); Surveillante (scuttled and sunk in Bantry bay; Charente; Resolue (Rear Admiral Nielly, dismasted by being run foul of in Bantry bay by the Indomptable, and towed into Brest on the 11th of January by Pégase); Tartare (captured, 5th of January 1798, after a short action, by the Polyphemus (64), and brought into Cork harbour. The Tartare had six hundred and twenty-five men on board, including troops, and had sixteen killed and thirty-five wounded in the action; the Polyphemus lost only one marine); Fraternité (Vice Admiral Morand de Galle, with Generals Hoche and Borin, and Adjutant General Bruix, on board).

Armés en flutes 2:—Scævola (foundered Dec. 30th off the coast of Ireland; crew saved by the French (74) Revolution." *James*, vol. ii.); Fidèle.

Corvettes, 5:—Mutine (taken); Renard; Atalante (taken); Voltigeur or Vautour; Affronteur.

and supported by various naval and military trophies. At its base, a broken yoke and dissevered chain.)

*Transports, 6 :—*Justine (probably foundered at sea with all on board; supposed to have four hundred and fifty troops. Unnoticed by *James*); Nicodème or Nicomede; Suffren or Suffrein; Expériment; Alégre (taken by H. M. S. Spitfire); Ville d'Orient (captured by Unicorn, Doris and Druid, cruizing in company, and brought into Kinsale, with four hundred hussars on board, completely equipped; some mortars, cannons, muskets, &c. Unnoticed by *James*).

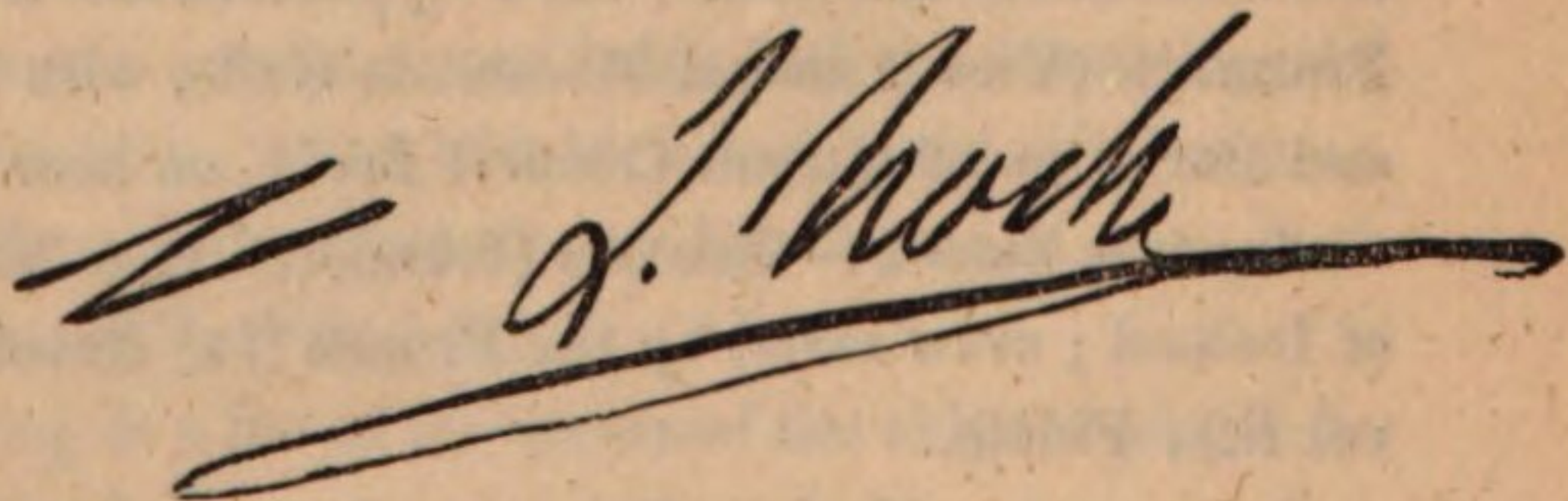
On board each of the line of battle ships between five and six hundred soldiers were embarked, and from two hundred and fifty to three hundred on board each of the frigates. The remaining thirteen sail carried about fifteen hundred soldiers more.

The Mutine was attached to the expedition at the especial request of Hoche, as appears from the following letter, the original of which is in the possession of Mr. Blachford.—

Armée RES NON VERBA. A Brest, le 28e Brumaire,
Française. (*Hoche's adopted motto.*) 5e année de la République.

Le Général L. Hoche, au Général Morand de Galle.

Au nombre des bâtimens que vous m'avez promis, Général, je désirerais que vous voulussiez bien comprendre la Mutine corvette venant de l'Orient, qui, dit-on, a des vivres pour six mois, tire très peu d'eau, et par conséquent est très propre à favoriser un débarquement.



[Repondu de suite.]

*“ A l'armée Française destinée à opérer la révolution
d'Irlande.*

“ REPUBLICAINS,

FIER de vous avoir fait vaincre en plusieurs occasions, j'ai obtenu du gouvernement la permission de vous conduire à de nouveaux succès. Vous commander, c'est être assuré du triomphe.

“ Jaloux de rendre à la liberté un peuple digne d'elle, et mûr pour une révolution, le directoire nous envoie en Irlande, à l'effet d'y faciliter la révolution que d'excellents républicains viennent d'y entreprendre. Il sera beau pour nous, qui avons vaincu les satellites des rois armés contre la République, de briser les fers d'une nation amie, de lui aider à recouvrir ses droits usurpés par l'odieux gouvernement anglais.

“ Vous n'oublierez jamais, braves et fidèles compagnons, que le peuple, chez lequel nous allons, est l'ami de notre patrie, que nous devons le traiter comme tel, et non comme un peuple conquis.

“ En arrivant en Irlande, vous trouverez l'hospitalité, la fraternité ; bientôt des milliers de ses habitans viendront grossir nos phalanges. Gardons-nous donc bien de jamais traiter aucuns d'eux en ennemis. Ainsi que nous, ils ont à se venger des perfides Anglais ; ces derniers sont les seuls dont nous ayons à tirer une vengeance éclatante. Croyez que les Irlandais ne soupirent pas moins que vous après le moment où, de concert, nous irons à Londres, rappeler à Pitt et à ses amis, ce qu'ils ont fait contre notre liberté.

“ Par amitié, par devoir, et pour l'honneur du nom français, vous respecterez les personnes et les propriétés du pays où nous allons. Si, par des efforts constans, je pourvois à vos besoins, croyez que, jaloux de conserver la réputation de l'armée que j'ai l'honneur de commander, je punirai sévèrement quiconque s'écartera de ce qu'il doit à son pays. Les lauriers et la gloire seront le partage du soldat républicain ; la mort sera le prix du viol et du pillage. Vous me connoissez assez pour croire que, pour la première fois, je ne manquerai pas à ma parole. J'ai dû vous prévenir, sachez vous en rappeler.

Le Général,

L. HOCHÉ.

“ *Brest, le* [this blank is in the original] *année républicaine.*”

The fleet assembled for the invasion of Ireland, we are told by M. Rousselin, Hoche's biographer—“présentent le spectacle le plus majestueux. Aussi fière que la flotte romaine qui, commandée par Scipion, portait la ruine de Carthage, l'escadre est rassemblée; les voiles déployées—il part.”

Although some previous movements appear to have taken place, the general departure of the expedition from Brest was on the 16th of December. A signal being made to go out by the Passage du Raz, the *Fraternité* frigate bearing the flag of Vice-Admiral de Galle, with General Hoche, and, as was reported in the fleet, three millions sterling in gold on board, got under weigh, and accompanied by eighteen sail, with

6500 troops, proceeded to sea by that passage. In this proceeding, as if ominous of the disasters the expedition was destined to encounter,* the Fougueux (74) ran foul of the Indomptable (80), and narrowly escaped striking against a rock, upon which the Séduisant (74) struck with 550 of the 94th demi-brigade on board, of whom only thirty-three were saved. The remaining twenty-four sail went out by the Passage des Flotes or Passage du Four.

Before the two divisions had joined, so violent a gale of wind came on, that the Nestor (74), which had followed the Admiral, having her main-top-mast carried away, was obliged to part company and was driven on shore, when one thousand men out of eighteen hundred on board, perished.† Several of the ships also were so much injured by the fury of the storm as to be rendered unfit for present service, and this tempestuous weather, intermingled only by dense fogs, lasted during the entire time the armament was out.

On the 18th, the storm, which had dispersed and more or less damaged the entire fleet, was succeeded by a dense fog, *so dense indeed*, that a complete reunion was never effected by the scattered expedition.

* “Mais, dès l'aurore de l'expédition, un génie mal-faisant avait tenté de la paralyser ; le même génie devait la poursuivre dans toutes ses chances, en ternir les différentes périodes, et lancer enfin sur ses derniers résultats tout le poids de sa fatale influence. Les élémens conspirent avec les conspirateurs : tout est d'accord contre les desseins de la liberté.”—*Vie de Hoche*.

† Another account says fifty of her crew only were saved.

The orders to the ships were, in case of separation, to cruise for five days off the Mizen head, then to proceed to the mouth of the Shannon, where they were to remain for three more, and if then without further orders they were respectively to return to Brest.

The following day the greater part of the two divisions fell in with each other, but the *Fraternité* was missing. Two line of battle ships, the *Nestor* and *Séduisant* had been wrecked; and the *Cocade* and *Romaine* frigates, with the *Mutine* and *Voltigeur* corvettes, and three transports, were also unaccounted for.

In the night of the 20th of December, although the weather was moderate, several of the fleet again parted company, and on the morning of the 21st, which was hazy, only fifteen sail were to be seen from the *Indomptable*. Although the main body had arrived off the coast of Ireland three days after sailing from Brest, they beat about, disunited and uncertain of their precise position,* until the 22nd, when with the exception of six or seven vessels, the entire fleet came to anchor off Bere Island in Bantry bay,† between five and six in the evening, under the command of Ad-

* "The pilots mistaking the Durseys for the Mizen head."
—*James*.

† "A noble bay, capable of containing all the shipping in Europe, being twenty-six miles long, and, in most places, above a league broad, with forty fathoms' water in the midst of it. The coast around it consists of stupendous rocks."—Note by *James*, i. 395.

miral Bouvet. Tone says, "we have 41,160 stand of arms, twenty pieces of field artillery, nine of siege, including mortars and howitzers, 61,200 barrels of powder, 7,000,000 ball cartridges, about 700,000 flints," &c.

Previous to the French fleet coming to anchor, his majesty's brig Kangaroo, commanded by the Hon. Courtenay Boyle, fell in with it, and immediately proceeded off Crookhaven, a small harbour close to the entrance of Bantry bay, in order to communicate the intelligence of the appearance of the enemy. On the morning of the 22nd of December, the Kangaroo made repeated signals for a boat from the shore, which although they were distinctly seen, yet so high a sea was running at the time, and the wind was blowing so tremendously, that no boat would venture to put off. At length, however, a Mr. Coghlan, observing the perseverance with which the signal was continued, and deeming it a case of extreme urgency, induced five men to accompany him upon this dangerous service in a pilot boat, although they left the shore with but little probability of reaching the Kangaroo, or if they succeeded in doing so, of returning in safety from her.

In a private letter, written by a spectator* to a friend in Cork, the sea is described as breaking over the little bark almost with every wave, so that "it

* The Rev. Fitzgerald Tisdale, who was murdered in this neighbourhood 26th March, 1809.

was only the hand of Providence which could have saved the boat from being swamped, and what was still more wonderful in the preservation of Coghlan, and the men who had adventured out with him, is that one of the planks of the boat was stove in while she was along-side of the Kangaroo." An officer, (the second lieutenant, Mr. Watson), was by this means landed with dispatches for Admiral Kingsmill at the Cove of Cork, and captain Boyle proceeded in the Kangaroo to England.

Mr. Richard Edward Hull, a gentleman residing at Leamcon, sent the intelligence to Mr. White of Seafeld Park, who was the first to communicate it to the Irish Government, and Mr. White's services at this critical moment, were rewarded by his elevation to the peerage, under the title of Bantry. Mr. White had also "received two affidavits made before the Rev. John Beamish of Berehaven, and Mr. O'Sullivan of Colaugh, by some fisherman who passed near a fleet which were turning up at the N.W. extremity of the bay, and from the manner they were rigged and form of their build they were positive the ships were French, and of considerable force. A similar information from the surveyor of Berehaven was sent to Mr. White, who directly called together the corps of yeomanry under his command, and made the necessary arrangements for establishing a chain of out-posts along the mountains down to Sheep-head, the S.W. extremity of Bantry bay, distant from his house twenty-two miles."

Dangers dimly seen usually become magnified in an extraordinary degree. The panic occasioned by the news that a hostile fleet was riding at anchor in one of the finest harbours of Ireland, may be readily conceived, and the general alarm was considerably increased by the difficulty of obtaining and conveying intelligence. “Dix jours consécutifs sont consumés, pendant lesquels presque tous les vaisseaux de la flotte sont apperçus et reconnus par les habitans de l’Irlande;” but the reverse of the feeling described by the French historian, was unquestionably manifested towards the invaders by all classes in the south of Ireland, as yet untainted by Republicanism. “Leur cœur a tressailli de joie et de bonheur à la vue de leurs libérateurs. Vain espoir ! illusion cruelle ! les généraux en chef sont absens : ceux qui les remplacent devraient agir ; ils délibèrent ; ils devroient opérer leur débarquement, ils assemblent des conseils ; le moindre évènement fait prendre des résolutions, le moindre évènement les fait changer ; tout fait un devoir de descendre à terre, tout est un prétexte de rester dans les vaisseaux ; le temps précieux échappe ; l’heure de la liberté est sonnée ; elle s’envole.”

The weather was the severest ever remembered, and as such, in the Editor’s recollection, the winter when the French were in Bantry bay, was often referred to in common conversation. A heavy fall of snow had rendered the roads, which between Bantry and Cork at this period were rugged, wild and mountainous, nearly impassable on foot ; travelling on

horseback was desperate work ; and the unabating fury of the wind, which rolled the excited billows of the Atlantic with tremendous swell upon the coast, opposed an insurmountable barrier to any attempt at communication by water. It is however stated in a "Journal of the movements of the French fleet in Bantry bay, by Edward Morgan, printed at Cork in 1797," that one of Mr. White's servants brought the first intelligence of the appearance of the enemy to General Dalrymple in Cork, on the night of Thursday, December 22nd, and that the messenger "was but four hours going forty-two miles, Irish, on a single horse."

On the evening of the 23rd, a heavy gale from the eastward forced about twenty of the French ships to sea, and dispersed the fleet for the fourth time. By this separation the stores on board the remaining ships in Bantry bay, were reduced to "4 field pieces, 20,000 firelocks, at most 1000 lbs. of powder, and 3,000,000 cartridges." Admiral Bouvet and General Grouchy, the second in command, held a council of war. Tone proposed proceeding to Sligo Bay and there landing, a proposition which, if acted upon, might possibly have revolutionized Ireland. "We are here," says he in his journal, "sixteen sail, great and small (nine or ten are of the line)* scattered up and

* A letter written from Berehaven on the morning of the 24th, which the Editor has seen in the Records of the Admiralty, says, "eight two-deckers and nine vessels of different classes." It concludes thus: "I must apologize for not writing before,

down in a noble bay, and so dispersed that there are not two together in any spot, save one, and there they are so close, that if it blows to-night as it did last night, they will inevitably run foul of each other, unless one of them prefers driving on shore."

During the night of the 23rd of December, H.M.S. *Jaseur*, captain Stirling, having captured *Le Suffren*,* transport, appears to have passed through the portion of the French fleet which had been blown out to sea from the mouth of Bantry bay; for in a letter, dated the following day "off Cape Clear," and published in the *London Gazette*, of 3rd January 1797, captain Stirling says, "I saw a large ship of war last night, and I am persuaded the body of the French fleet cannot be far from me. A rudder and other pieces of wreck have floated past us to day."

The portion of the fleet which rode out the gale of the 23rd at their anchorage, found it impossible to work up the bay against the wind, and they came to anchor directly across it. On Christmas night, the exposed situation of Admiral Bouvet's ship, rendered it necessary for him to order the cables to be cut, and he stood out to sea without being able to communicate with any of the ships at anchor.

Doctor Moylan, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Cork,

but I assure you the demand for paper has been so great, that I could only obtain half a sheet to write an account to the Admiral."

* Retaken by the *Tartare*, which was afterwards captured by the *Polyphemus*.

addressed the people on that anxious day to the following effect, which address was immediately printed and circulated by the Committee of Merchants.

“At a Meeting of the CITY OF CORK COMMITTEE,
Held at the Council Chamber, on the 5th of January,
1797.

SIR PATRICK O'CONOR, *Chairman.*

“**Unanimously resolved,** That Two Thousand Copies of the Right Rev. Doctor Moylan's Letter to his Flock be immediately Printed, for the purpose of being circulated through the respective Baronies of this County.”

“DOCTOR FRANCIS MOYLAN,

TO HIS BELOVED FLOCK,

The Roman Catholics of the Diocess of Cork.

“At a moment of such general Alarm and Consternation, it is a duty I owe to you, my Beloved Flock, to recall to your minds the sacred Principles of Loyalty, Allegiance, and Good Order, that must direct your conduct on such an awful Occasion. Charged as I am, by that Blessed Saviour (whose Birth with grateful hearts we on this Day solemnize), with the Care of your Souls, interested beyond expression in your Temporal and Eternal welfare, it is incumbent on me to exhort you to that peaceable demeanor, which must ever mark his true and faithful Disciples.

“Loyalty to the Sovereign, and respect for the Constituted Authorities, have been always the prominent features in the Christian Character; and by

Patriotism and Obedience to the Established form of Government, have our Ancestors been distinguished at times, and under circumstances very different from these in which we have the happiness to live. For, blessed be God, we are no longer *Strangers* in our Native Land—no longer excluded from the Benefits of the happy Constitution under which we live—no longer separated by odious distinctions from our Fellow-subjects. To our Gracious Sovereign we are bound by the concurring principles of *gratitude* and *duty*, and to all our Fellow-Citizens by mutual Interest and Christian Charity.

“Under these circumstances it is obvious what line of conduct you are to adopt, if the Invaders, who are said to be on our Coasts, should make good their landing, and attempt to penetrate into our Country. To allure you to a co-operation with their views, they will not fail to make specious professions, that their only object is to *Emancipate* you from the pretended Tyranny, under which you groan; and to restore you those Rights, of which they will say you are deprived.

“You, my good People, whom I particularly address, who are strangers to passing Occurrences, had you known in what manner they fulfilled similar promises in the unfortunate Countries into which, on the faith of them, they gained admittance, you would learn Caution from their Credulity, and distrust Men who have trampled on all Laws, Human and Divine; Germany, Flanders, Italy, Holland, to say nothing of their own, once the happiest, now the most miserable

Country in the World, can attest the irreparable ruin, desolation and destruction occasioned by French fraternity.

“Be not deceived by the *lure* of *Equalizing* property, which they will hold out to you, as they did to the above-mentioned people; for the *Poor*, instead of getting any part of the spoil of the *Rich*, were robbed of their own little pittance.

“Be not then imposed on by their professions—they come only to Rob, Plunder and Destroy. Listen not to their agitating Abettors in this Country, who endeavour by every means to corrupt your Principles, but join Heart and Hand with all the virtuous and honest Members of the Community, who are come forward with distinguished Patriotism, as well to resist the invading Foe, as to counteract the insidious Machinations of the Domestic Enemies and unnatural Children, who are seeking to bring on their Native Country the train of untold Evils that flow from Anarchy and Confusion.—Obey the Laws that protect you in your Persons and Properties.—Reverence the Magistrate entrusted with their execution, and display your readiness to give him every assistance in your Power.

“Act thus, my Beloved Brethren, from a principle of Conscience, and you will thereby ensure the favor of your God, and the approbation of all good Men; whereas a contrary conduct will draw down inevitable Ruin on you *here*, and eternal Misery *hereafter*.

“I shall conclude with this simple Reflection, if the

sway of our impious Invaders were here established, you would not, my Beloved People, enjoy the comfort of Celebrating this AUSPICIOUS DAY with Gladness and Thanksgiving, nor of uniting with ALL Christians on Earth, and with the celestial spirits in Heaven, in singing, *Glory to God on High, and on Earth Peace to Men of good Will!*

F. MOYLAN, R. C. B. C.

Dec. 25, 1796."

The "useful impression" made by this "judicious address" upon the minds of the lower Catholics, was particularly mentioned in a dispatch from the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, published in the *London Gazette*, of 17th January 1797.

Tone in the *Indomptable*, on the 26th December, thus sums up affairs:—"We have lost two commanders-in-chief—of four Admirals not one remains. We have lost one ship of the line, that we know of, and probably many others of which we know nothing. We have been now six days in Bantry bay, within five hundred yards of the shore, without being able to effectuate a landing. We have been dispersed four times in four days; and at this moment, of forty-three sail, of which the expedition consisted, we can muster of all sizes but fourteen."

The day following he writes: "Yesterday several vessels, including the *Indomptable*, dragged their anchors several times, and it was with great difficulty they rode out the gale. At two o'clock the *Revolution* (74), made signal that she could hold no longer, and

in consequence of the commodore's permission, cut her only cable and put to sea. In the night, the *Patriote* and *Pluton*, of 74 each, were forced to put to sea, with the *Nicomede*, flute, so that this morning we are reduced to seven sail of the line and one frigate."

A council of war met, at which General Hardy presided, generals Cherin and Humbert, (subsequently distinguished by his Invasion of Ireland), Adjutant generals, Simon, Chasseloup, and Tone, lieutenant-colonel Waudré, commanding the Artillery, captain Favory of the Engineers, with commodore Bedout, were the members. The force and stores at their disposal, were found to be 4168 men, two four pounders, 1,500,000 cartridges, 500 rounds for artillery, and 500 lbs. of powder. With a force so small, it was deemed by the majority inadvisable to attempt landing, as no demonstration had been made on shore in their favour; and it was determined to proceed off the Shannon, to cruize for a few days, according to captain Bedout's instructions, in the hope that the dispersed armament might be concentrated there. At half-past four, on the 27th, Tone writes: "The Indomptable having with great difficulty weighed one anchor, we were forced at length to cut the cable of the other, and make the best of our way out of the bay, being followed by the whole of our little squadron, now reduced to ten sail, of which seven are of the line, one frigate and two corvettes or luggers."

The only occurrence of note during these five anxious days, was the capture of a boat, sent to recon-

noitre from one of the French ships, which was taken by Mr. O'Sullivan of Beerhaven, who made the crew, consisting of an officer and seven men, prisoners. Lieut. Proseau, the officer, was immediately sent off to Dublin. A memoir of Mr. O'Sullivan, and his services, may be found in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, for March 1814 (Vol. 84, part i), copied from the *Dublin Evening Post*.

On the 28th it blew a perfect hurricane, and for the sixth time the Indomptable parted company. At the rendezvous off the mouth of the Shannon, however, she was rejoined by the Coquille, and on the 29th, commodore Bedout, finding no part of the fleet there, steered for France, where he arrived on the 1st of January, with the Watigny, Cassard, and Eole, line of battle ships, and the Coquille, Atalante and Vautour.

In the afternoon, of the 31st of December, two armed boats, crowded with men, put off from the remaining French ships of war in Bantry bay, with the intention, as was supposed, of landing. "The infantry which were stationed in Bantry immediately flew to their arms, and under the command of Colonel French, of the Galway militia, marched to the shore to dispute their landing—the cavalry galloped off to Beach, the house of Mr. Simon White—the *entire did not exceed four hundred men*. The Generals withdrew themselves from Bantry to Dunmanway."

Upon this occasion a serjeant of the Galway militia, who had been an old sailor, observed to Colonel French, that the enemy's fire upon the beach, where he had

drawn up his men, would probably treble the effect of their shot. The Colonel replied, "I know that, and how Nelson's eye was put out; but we must shew our whole force, which they will never believe we would dare to do, without being well backed." The boats, however, did not attempt to land, and after boarding an American vessel returned to their ship.

A division of the dispersed fleet, consisting of four line of battle ships, three frigates, two corvettes, and two transports, with about four thousand soldiers on board, returned to Bantry Bay on the 1st of January, and remained there two or three days. They had captured a brig belonging to Liverpool, called the Three Sisters, and another English vessel named the Mary, bound from Lisbon to Bristol, which they burned with their cargoes. By this division a council of war was also held, and the military officers desired to be put on shore with their men, in which they were supported by the voices of all the Irishmen present. But the naval officers refused to disobey their orders.* About the

* The above statement is given from the leaf of a manuscript Journal, written very closely in English, and apparently kept by a person on board one of the ships of this division. It was washed ashore, picked up and preserved by an illiterate old woman as a charm, in consequence of a rough sketch of the bay, with soundings, and *compass elaborately drawn*, which she mistook for a representation of the Cross. This document was shewn to the Editor at Kenmare, in 1825, where he made a note of these particulars.

The following is a copy of the information given to the Com-

same time three or four French ships of war appeared off the Shannon, as before mentioned, but finding no instructions there, returned without landing, except in one instance, when a boat pulled in for Scatterry Island, and took away a few sheep.

The *Fraternité*, with General Hoche on board, after “an extremely narrow escape,” as is supposed, from capture by the English fleet, reached Rochelle on the 15th of January, having fallen in with the Revolution. The disasters encountered by the frigate, during her

mittee of Merchants in Cork, by James Sullivan, Esq. of Berehaven, on the 4th January, 1797.

“On Monday, the 2nd January, there were 13 French ships at anchor across the mouth of the bay [Bantry] from Bere Island to Sheeps Head ; of which two were line of battle ships. There were six other ships high up in the bay, back of the Island of Whiddy, and one a league from Bantry to S.W. of Whiddy. About 2 o'clock in the afternoon of Monday, a brig was detached from the 13 ships to work up the bay ; which she did, and then made a signal to the seven, one of which fired a gun. They then set fire to a prize they had, and five of the seven got under weigh and sailed down the bay, leaving two line of battle ships behind them, which are considered to be disabled ships. They liberated some English prisoners, who heard that the French fleet had 25000 troops on board, whilst others reported but 16000, but all agreed that they were in want of provisions. On Tuesday the 3rd January, Mr. O'Sullivan went up the high hill, back of the town of Bantry, at nine o'clock in the morning, and could only see the two disabled ships—but the weather was hazy and he could not see farther than eight or nine miles. The ships had no horses on board, but what belonged to the generals, and relied on obtaining them in the country.”

course, and the magnanimity displayed by Hoche, are thus related by his French biographer:—"Pendant toute la traversée, la frégate était toujours sans voiles, à peine avait on pu manger à table deux fois: la peau d'ours blanc de Hoche, étendue sur le pont, servait souvent de nappe: cette peau lui était bien utile à bord; car il était impossible de se tenir debout, à cause des grands roulis du bâtiment. Tous les passagers étaient incommodés du mal de mer; lui seul supportait les fatigues, avec l'assurance et la fermeté d'habitude d'un marin consommé, mettant lui-même la main à la manœuvre, encourageant par son exemple toute la troupe de terre à suppléer le plus mauvais équipage qui ait jamais existé. Ses yeux excellens distinguaient les objets à des distances où les longues vues n'appercevaient que confusément. Plus d'une fois sa présence d'esprit avait sauvé la frégate: elle se trouve bientôt engagée dans un danger dont toute la vigilance de Hoche n'avait pu la préserver. Ayant pris forcément le parti de retourner à Brest, la Fraternité fut vivement poursuivie par deux vaisseaux ennemis très-forts; elle était parvenue à les tromper à la faveur des ténèbres de la nuit. Le lendemain, à la pointe du jour, on fut fort étonné de se voir au milieu de la flotte Anglaise; aucune espérance d'échapper à ce blocus; aussitôt dispositions prises pour couler à fond les drapeaux républicains, les manifestes, les journaux, les papiers de toute espèce. Chacun calculait, dans ses arrangements, ce qu'il pourroit sauver avec son individu; on s'attendait d'un moment à l'autre à se voir conduire

dans les prisons d'Angleterre. Des officiers Anglais que l'on avait fait prisonniers dans la route, et qui se trouvaient à bord, ne dissimulaient pas l'espérance qu'ils avaient d'être incessamment délivrés ; leur contenance joyeuse achevait de porter le dernier coup au cœur des républicains. Dans cette déplorable situation, Hoche ne perd rien de sa grandeur, il conserve toute sa dignité ; et, sans se dissimuler le véritable embarras de la circonstance, il demeure supérieur aux caprices du sort.

“ On dirait qu'étonnée du courage qu'elle n'avait pu intimider, la fortune voulut lui rendre hommage, en cessant de le poursuivre. La mer devint tellement grosse, le vent si fort, qu'au milieu même des vaisseaux Anglais, occupés de leur propre conservation, la frégate la Fraternité fut prise par eux pour l'une des leurs ; elle tint la même route jusqu'à la fin du jour ; changeant alors sa direction à la faveur des ténèbres, elle arriva heureusement au mouillage de l'île de Rhé (cette manœuvre habile est due toute entière au contre-amiral Bruix), un mois juste après le départ de Brest.”

Before the end of the month of January, Hoche was appointed to the command of the Republican army of the Rhine, and after some severe fighting, in which he was victorious, appeared before Frankfort. He died in his thirtieth year, on the 15th September 1797,

“ The following short abstract,” says James (vol. ii. p. 9) “ will show as well the loss sustained by the Brest fleet during its

(not without suspicion of having been taken off by poison), and lies buried at Coblentz beside the remains of Marceau.* To the last, Hoche appears never to

voyage to Ireland and back, as the date of the arrival in France of the line of battle part of it."

CLASSES.	Captured	Destroyed	Wrecked	Foundered	1797. Port arrived at in January				Total that arrived safe	Total that had sailed from Brest
					Brest.			Rocheport		
					1st	11th	13th	13th		
Line, (all 74s, but one an 83)	...	1	1	...	5	5	4	1	15	17
Frigates . . .	1	1	1	1					10	14
Brigs . . .	2	...	...	...					4	6
Flutes . . .	4	...	...	...					2	6
Total..	7	2	2	1					31	43

* The following verses on the death of Hoche, who but a few months before had attempted the conquest of Ireland, appeared in the Press newspaper, published in Dublin, and are here copied, not on account of their merit, but as illustrative of the revolutionary character of that print:

" WEEP! Gallia weep! in sorrow droop thy head,
Thy Hoche, thy hero, and thy friend is dead;
That man so truly great in freedom's cause,
That brave defender of his country's laws;
Who, from her fields the Pitt-leagued tyrants chased,
And all the hordes of slaves that laid them waste;
Made the crown'd robbers of his native soil,
Shake on their blood-stain'd thrones and quit their spoil.
Now pale and breathless, lo! the hero lies,
As envious fate had call'd him to the skies,
But still unconquered, tho' resigned his breath,
He springs immortal from the arms of death;
O! friend of man, upon thy honoured bier,
The good and brave shall drop a grateful tear;
Bright fame, thy virtues from oblivion save,
And snatch thy honours from the silent grave,
From age to age thy glorious deeds impart,
And make thy monument each Patriot's heart."

have abandoned the desire to subdue England by means of Ireland; "mais il ne considère l'Irlande que comme le chemin de Londres," says his biographer. In a letter to General Hédouville, Hoche writes, "Ma fortune me mènerait-elle, avec cette armée, aux portes de Vienne, ce que j'espère, je la quitterais encore pour aller à Dublin, et de là à Londres"; and in the last letter addressed by him to the Minister of Marine he alludes to the subject.

Charles Hamilton Teeling, a state prisoner in Dublin, at the time of the appearance of the French fleet in Bantry bay, thus relates in a romantic personal narrative of the Rebellion of 1798,* the feelings of himself and fellow prisoners. "It was at the still hour of night, in the depth of the wintry storm, when the old year had nearly run its course, and the approach of the new was anticipated with alternate hopes and fears, when every moment increased suspense and every footstep caught the listening ear, that the long vaulted passages announced the approach of feet, which proclaimed the arrival of the most unlooked-for but most welcome of friends.

"The moment was to us one of the deepest interest. The country was agitated; the government was alarmed; all the disposable military force was in motion, for a hostile squadron hovered on the peaceful shores

* Published in London 1828. Inscribed to his wife and children, as "the only inheritance which the enemies of his country have left him to bequeath."

of the south, and the capacious bay of Bantry was crowded with foreign masts. Never had Ireland experienced an hour of greater excitement—never was her population more agitated with alternate hopes and fears. The prisons were crowded with the most popular characters of the day; and as the troops were passing that in which we were confined, some detachments halted and cheered us on their march to the south. The anxiety of the people increased, as alarm for our safety or hopes of our liberation prevailed. The sanguinary measures of the administration had alienated the great majority of the nation, and the minority possessed neither the influence nor the power to contend with the approaching storm. Everything without the cabinet bespoke the alarm that prevailed within, for government had neither the wisdom to conciliate the people, nor the talent to direct the disposable force, with which they were ill-prepared to encounter a bold and adventurous foe. Hurry, confusion, and disorder, marked the advance of the army; all was terror, doubt and dismay; troops disaffected, horses wanting, the munitions of war badly supplied, and even the bullet was unfitted to the calibre of the cannon,* which a defective commissariat had supplied. The general's culinary apparatus only was complete; and while the troops had to contend with the severity of the winter's storm, the mountain's torrent, roads

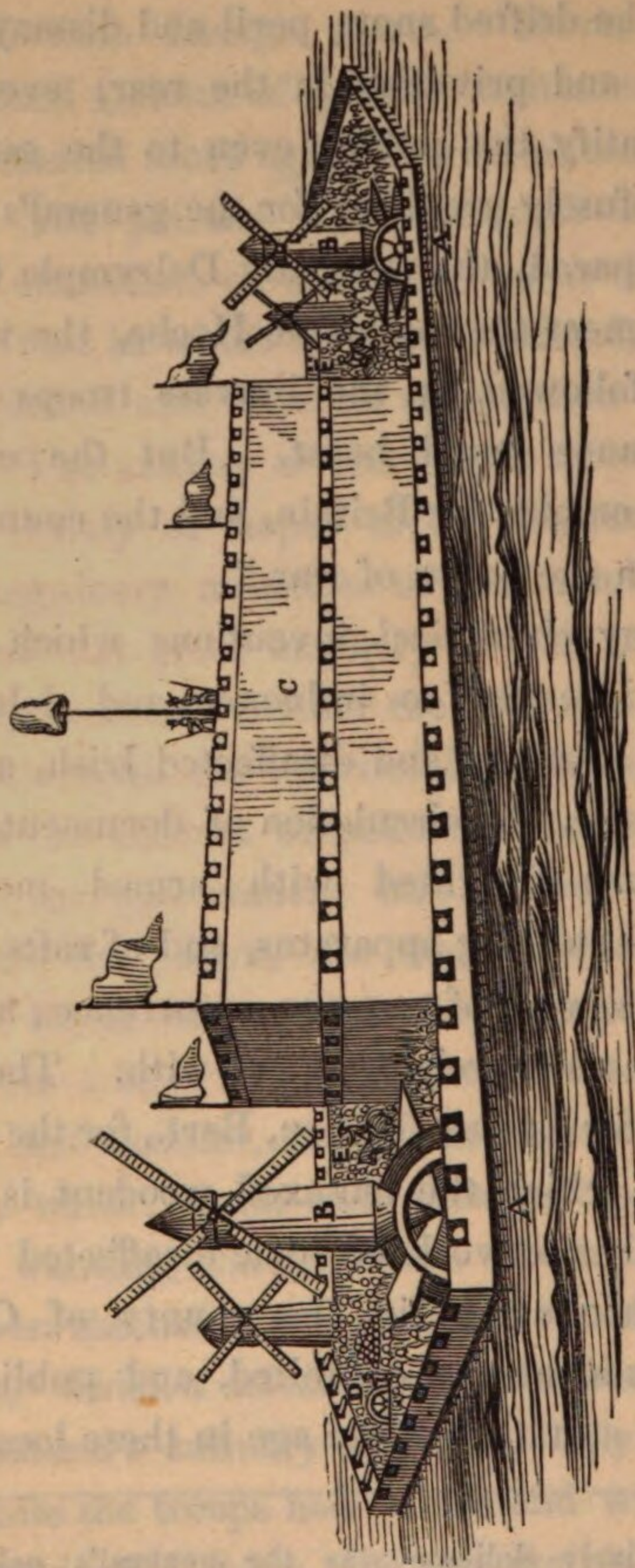
* "Nine-pound shot was provided for six pound cannon."—
TEELING.

broken up by the floods or rendered impassable from the depth of the drifted snow, peril and dismay in the front, hunger and privation in the rear; everything that could gratify the palate, even to the satiety of taste, was profusely provided for the general's table.* And thus prepared, the unwieldy Dalrymple faced to the south, to meet the invincible Hoche, the victor of La Vendée, followed by the bravest troops the republic of France could boast. But the elements protected the empire for Britain, and the country was preserved from the havoc of war."

Of the many chimerical inventions which at this period were intended to influence and delude the minds of the ignorant and disaffected Irish, as to the power of France, the circulation of documents representing balloons freighted with armed men, and equipped with steering apparatus, and of rafts on flat-bottomed boats, were of common occurrence; although such prints are now rarely to be met with. The Editor is indebted to Sir Lucius O'Brien, Bart., for the original drawing from which the annexed woodcut is copied. It was probably the work of some disaffected "philomath" or schoolmaster in the county of Clare or Limerick, confidentially exhibited, and publicly discussed, by the agitators of the age in these localities.

* "So peculiarly delicate was the general's palate, that gentlemen who served under him in the yeomanry ranks, were sometimes obliged to ride express ten or fifteen miles to procure cayenne pepper for his soup and capers for his favorite sauce."
TEELING.

THE REAL VIEW OF THE FRENCH RAFT AS INTENDED FOR THE INVASION OF ENGLAND,
DRAWN FROM THE ORIGINAL AT BREST.



This surprising machine extends 2100 feet in length and 1500 in breadth, is to be navigated by four wheels (A), turned in the water by the action of the wind and moving of the windmill (B) to any point it may blow. In the middle is a fort (C), this incloses mortars and pieces for the defence of the troops in their landing. (D) the wheel for steering; (E) the General commanding the troops. This raft is armed with 500 pieces of cannon, from 36 to 48 pounders, and is to convey 60,000 men, &c.

And what is the true history of the failure of this expedition? The Editor has been told from the most unquestionable authority—that it was public confidence in the English funds—the trust of England in her Chancellor of the Exchequer.—This is not the time or place to enter into more minute statements—but there can be no doubt whatever, that the captain of the *Fraternité* had accepted a bribe of a considerable amount, to give the military and naval commanders in chief a cruise for a few weeks on the bank of Newfoundland, before landing them in Ireland; and that he performed this little delicate act of secret service so well, that he boldly drew upon the English Government for double the amount agreed upon, which however was ultimately arranged to the perfect satisfaction of all parties concerned.

As an illustration of the proverb “Before fire there is smoke,” two songs are appended to this introduction.

It is a subject of no incurious speculation how and by what means historical movements of national revolution have been paralyzed. The spirit of philosophy replies, “speculation and money.”

The two following songs were written in 1779, in anticipation of the landing and defeat of the French. They both appear in Swiney's *Juvenile Muse*, introduced into a dramatic entertainment called *The Alarm*, founded on the supposed appearance of the enemy's fleet off Bantry bay. In this little drama, the odd

combination of fact with fiction; of local with classical names, although seriously intended by the author, is highly ludicrous. Thus, in the first scene, Marcus and Antonius meet upon the Mall or grand parade in Cork, and Ventidius and other Roman [Catholic] officers figure in Georges Street, when Ventidius says, "Lapp's Island is the general parade." Elsewhere the following direction occurs:—

"Aurelius, dispatch some flying troops,
Forward towards Bantry to observe the French."

A genuine letter in every respect, except the address and writer's signature, upon which the troops that had marched from Cork to oppose the invaders were countermanded, is preserved by Mr. Swiney in his drama.

"To Antillus, general of the Volunteer Army, &c.

To remove, as soon as possible, the public apprehensions, occasioned by the ill-founded rumour of a French invasion, I find it necessary to acquaint you with the event which gave rise to the report. A fleet was seen hovering about this bay, which at first view, appeared to sail under French colours; but upon closer observation, the mistake was cleared up, as it proved to be a British squadron. Numbers at first hurried away by fear, and the natural desire of self-preservation fled for safety to the city, and there propagated the fiction with additional horrors. As you may depend upon this account to be a real fact, it is needless to point out to you the propriety of making it as public as possible, in order to remove the general terror.

I have the honor to be,

Bantry, June 4, 1779.

Your most obedient humble servant,

POPLICOLA."

The occurrence upon which *The Alarm* was founded, is thus chronicled by Fitzgerald in his *Cork Remembrancer*. "1779, June 4. The True Blue, Boyne, Aughrim, Union and Culloden, armed societies of the city of Cork, had a general field-day at Balliphehane, from whence they returned to the Mall about two o'clock, where they fired three vollies each, in honour of his Majesty's birth-day; they were scarcely done dinner, when the town was alarmed with the news of a large French fleet having appeared off Bantry bay. Drums instantly began to beat to arms, through every quarter of the city; the volunteers again assembled and paraded on the Mall. The true Blues took charge of the main guard, the Highlanders quitted it and joined the remaining part of the regiment in the old barracks. Palms Westropp, Esq., Mayor of Cork, summoned a council to consider what was necessary to be done on such an alarming occasion; the countenances of the people were sensibly changed, terror in some, courage in others, and joy in the hearts and minds of some of the lower class or rabble of the city. Fear and apprehension, danger and distress, sat visible almost on every brow; the affliction and uneasiness of the people could be more easily conceived than described; several Roman Catholics took up arms, offered to assist the volunteers, and distinguish themselves like loyal subjects in defence of their country. The volunteers paraded the whole night, preserved peace, order, and regularity, and held themselves in constant readiness to repel the expected foe. About

ten at night, the Highland regiment marched from the old barracks towards Bandon; they were met express on the road, countermanded, and returned next morning; upon the whole, it appeared to be an English fleet hovering off Cape Clear, who, on firing several great guns in honour of his Majesty's birth-day, gave rise to the alarm and expected invasion. In short, the alertness, spirited conduct and behaviour of our volunteers on this alarming occasion, claim the most exalted praise, and will transmit their fame to posterity with honour and lustre which time itself cannot deface."

Another report of invasion, which caused a movement of the troops, occurred in Cork, on the 4th September following, and arose from the appearance of the homeward-bound Jamaica fleet off Kinsale.

The song of "The French now are landed" was thus introduced into the second act of *the Alarm*, which was represented by an amateur theatrical company in Cork.

"Scene II. The North Main Street.

Enter a Ballad Singer, surrounded by a mob.

Ballad-singer. Here is an excellent new song, made on the present alarm occasioned by the landing of the French in Bantry."

Tune.—"How happy a life does a Miller possess."

THE French are now landed to plunder our coast,
But soon we'll discomfit their cowardly host;
And prove to the grief of those spider-like dogs,
Hibernians will never knock under to frogs.

We'll lead them a dance they ne'er practised before;
Compel these French skippers to skip from our shore,
And long rue the ill-fated hour when they came
Our land and submissive allegiance to claim.

No doubt they surmise we are ignorant fools,
To be of such spindle-shaped shadows the tools;
However, we'll show them they're sadly misled,
And make them remember invasion with dread.

Were all the soup gentry to enter our land,
With Louis the haughty, as first in command,
Our bold volunteers would oblige them to yield,
Lie drowned in their gore, or relinquish the field.

NOW, MY LADS.

Tune.—“Jolly Mortals, fill your glasses.”

Now, my lads, let glory fire us,
To pursue the sons of France:
George—Hibernia—both require us;
Freedom courts us to advance.

Blest with freedom's glorious charter,
We shall ne'er desert her cause;
Ne'er our king or country barter,
For proud Louis' slavish laws.

Shortly he'll behold with wonder,
Little all his art avails;
Soon we'll drive the invading dunder
Back, to feast on frogs and snails.

Hark! the God of War invites us,
Ireland's genius to protect;
Courage, sure, must now incite us,
Her deliverance to effect.

SONGS RELATING TO THE BANTRY BAY INVASION.

I.

THE SHAN VAN VOCHT.

THE chorus of this song, by which it and many other songs, generally of a rebellious character, are known, means literally "The Old Crippled Woman," under which figure Ireland is allegorically depicted. The authorship or singing of "The Shan Van Vocht," the Editor believes caused a military court of enquiry to be held, at Cork, into the conduct of Mr. Michael Joseph Barry, an active member of one of the volunteer corps of that city; and as the song appears for the first time, to the Editor's knowledge, in print in "The Songs of Ireland," (*Duffy's Library for Ireland*) edited by a gentleman with the same christian and surname as those of the presumed author, the editor follows respectfully Mr. Barry's copy, with quoting merely his observation, that "the versions of this song are numberless; but that here given is considered the best." It may be so; but the last verse is certainly "out of

keeping," as an artist would term it, with the preceding verses.

Oh! the French are on the sea,

Says the *Shan Van vocht*;

The French are on the sea,

Says the *Shan Van vocht*;

Oh! the French are in the bay,

They'll be here without delay,

And the Orange will decay,

Says the *Shan Van vocht*.

CHORUS.

Oh! the French are in the Bay,

They'll be here by break of day,

And the Orange will decay,

Says the *Shan Van vocht*.

And where will they have their camp?

Says the *Shan Van vocht*;

Where will they have their camp?

Says the *Shan Van vocht*;

On the Currach of Kildare,

The boys they will be there

With their pikes in good repair,

Says the *Shan Van vocht*.

To the Currach of Kildare

The boys they will repair,

And Lord Edward will be there,

Says the *Shan Van vocht*.

Then what will the yeomen do?

Says the *Shan Van vocht*;

What *will* the yeomen do?

Says the *Shan Van vocht*;

What *should* the yeomen do,

But throw off the red and blue,

And swear that they'll be true

To the *Shan Van vocht*.

What *should* the yeomen do

But throw off the red and blue,

And swear that they'll be true

To the *Shan Van vocht*.

And what colour will they wear?

Says the *Shan Van vocht*;

What colour will they wear?

Says the *Shan Van vocht*;

What colour should be seen

Where our Fathers' homes have been,

But their own immortal Green?

Says the *Shan Van vocht*.

What colour should be seen

Where our Fathers' homes have been,

But their own immortal Green?

Says the *Shan Van vocht*.

And will Ireland then be free?

Says the *Shan Van vocht*;

Will Ireland then be free?

Says the *Shan Van vocht*;

Yes! Ireland SHALL be free,

From the centre to the sea;

Then hurra for Liberty!

Says the *Shan Van vocht*.

Yes! Ireland SHALL be free,

From the centre to the sea;

Then hurra for Liberty!

Says the *Shan Van vocht*.

II.

THE INVASION OF IRELAND, CHRISTMAS 1796.

THIS ballad, which was probably first printed in a newspaper of the time, appears in "A Collection of Constitutional Songs," vol. i. p. 80, published by A. Edwards, Cork, 1799, and is entitled "the Invasion, (written in January 1797)." It is here given from collation with a revised copy in a small volume of "Verses," "privately printed at the Wesleyan Mission press, Columbo," without date, (but obviously 1821). The corrections are little more than verbal, except the omission of the 10th verse, "But not to Albion's navy bold," and the addition of the 14th verse, commencing,

“And fierce and furious is the gale.” Some of the author’s corrections only are followed, as the Editor does not consider them all to have been made for the better. Various readings are pointed out in the notes. The author was Sir Hardinge Giffard, who died chief justice of Ceylon, on his return to England in 1827.

Now fair and strong the south-east blew,
And high the billows rose ;
The French fleet bounded o’er the main,*
Freighted with Erin’s foes.

Oh ! where was Hood, and where was Howe,
And where Cornwallis then ;
Where Colpoys, Bridport, or† Pellew,‡
And all their gallant men ?

* waves.—Author’s MS.

† and.—Corrected edition, 1821.

‡ The question asked in this line subsequently formed the groundwork of a motion, by Mr. Whitbread in the House of Commons, and of the Earl of Albemarle in the House of Peers, for a committee to inquire into the conduct of ministers respecting the French invasion of Bantry bay. It was stated that although the enemy’s fleet had been at sea from the middle of December to the 6th of January, the English squadron under Lord Bridport remained in harbour, while that commanded by Admiral Colpoys actually came into Portsmouth the very day on which the news of the arrival of the French fleet in Bantry bay reached London (31st December). The reply of Mr. Dundas was a satisfactory vindication of ministers. He stated that Sir Edward Pellew’s squadron was employed in cruising off

Nor skill nor courage aught avail,

Against high Heaven's decrees;*

The storm arose and closed our ports,

A mist o'erspread the seas.

For not to feeble, mortal man,

Did God his vengeance trust;

He raised his own tremendous arm,

All-powerful as† all just.

Brest to watch the motions of the enemy, but the hazy state of the weather was such, that fog guns were obliged to be continually fired, and the French fleet succeeded in getting out, notwithstanding all the efforts of that active and gallant officer to prevent it; that Admiral Colpoys's squadron, which was also hovering off Brest, came into harbour for supplies, having been kept out longer than was anticipated, by Sir Roger Curtis, who was engaged in the pursuit of Admiral Richery, delaying to relieve it; that Lord Bridport's squadron, which was ordered on the 21st of December off Cape Clear, sailed on the 25th; but the denseness of the fog prevented his falling in with a single French vessel; and that other ships had also been dispatched in search of the enemy. Mr. Dundas triumphantly observed, that if with every previous knowledge, the most accurate arrangement had been made to intercept the hostile expedition, and that ministers had failed in doing so, no blame could fairly be attached to them, when the state of the weather was such as to render it impossible for the admiral and general intrusted with the command, (and who had sailed at the same time from the same port) to rejoin the main body, or even to communicate with it.

* When Providence gainsays.—Cork edition, 1799.

† and.—Cork edition, 1799.

Now fierce and loud the tempest roared,*
 And swept the quivering main;
 And part go south, and part go west,
 And part the shore attain.

And trembling† on the boisterous wave,
 The shattered vessels lie;
 The billows mounting o'er their heads,
 To kiss the bending sky.

“ Arise, ye sons of Erin, rise,
 The Gaul is on the shore;
 He comes, begrim'd with murder foul
 And red with royal gore.”

The sons of Themis‡ proudly drew
 The sword of justice bright;
 And thirty thousand yeomen's swords§
 Reflected back its light.

* blew.—Cork edition, 1799.

† tumbling. — Cork edition, 1799, and Author's MS.

‡ “ Goddess of law.”—MS. note. An evident compliment to the Dublin lawyers' corps, to which of course the author belonged.

§ blades.—Cork edition, 1799. The author's MS. has swords. Thirty thousand is a poetic amplification; for the *London Gazette* of 17th January, 1797, states that “ the number of yeomanry fully appointed and disciplined in Dublin exceed two thousand, above four hundred of whom are horse. The whole number of corps approved by government amount to four hundred and forty, exclusive of the Dublin corps. The gross number is nearly twenty-five thousand.”

Now firm and bold her patriot sons*
 To Erin's coasts repair;
 With ardent zeal they hold their march,†
 Their banners fill the air.

But not to Albion's navy bold,
 Nor Erin's patriot band,
 Did God his ministry depute
 To save his favored land.

In Bantry's deep‡ and rocky bay,
 The hostile navy rode;
 And now arrived the festal hour
 When earth beheld her God.§

The impious crews,|| with anxious eyes
 Gazed on each verdant plain;¶
 And mocked and scoffed the holy time
 With many a jest profane.

* hardy troops.—Cork edition, 1799.

† march along.—Cork edition, 1799.

‡ bold.—Author's MS.

§ "Christmas Day, 1796."—MS. note.

|| Crew.—Author's MS.

¶ However anxious those embarked may have been to get on shore, they were certainly not allured by the sight of verdant plains. "Last night it blew a heavy gale from the eastward with snow, so that the mountains are covered this morning, which will render our bivouacs extremely amusing."—December 23, 1796. Tone's Journal on board the Indomptable in Bantry Bay.

But sure such loud and angry winds
Ne'er shook the seas before ;
Nor ever did the glaring clouds*
With† such deep thunder roar.

And fierce and furious is the gale
That tears the troubled sky ;
While, trembling in the dreadful blast,
The boasting cowards fly.

For thirteen nights and thirteen days
Their scattered navy‡ strove ;
And some were wrecked, and some despair,
Before the tempest drove.

Now, ever praised be our God
Who saved us from their hand,
And never more may foe presume
To dare this christian land.

* skies.—Cork edition, 1799.

† In.—Author's MS.

‡ The famish'd wretches.—Cork edition, 1799.

III.

ON A MOUNTAIN WHOSE SUMMIT.

FROM a manuscript copy procured for the Editor by Miss Elliot. The writer is said to have been the Rev. Horatio Townsend, author of the *Statistical Survey of Cork*. 2 vols. 8vo. 2nd ed. 1815, and other works.

ON a mountain whose summit approach'd to the skies,
Hibernia in anguish reclined;
Unstrung was her harp, all bedewed were her eyes,
And her tresses flowed loose in the wind.
'Twas the goddess of discord that reigns over France,
In her bosom had raised those alarms;
Who amidst Gallic warriors shook her dread lance,
And in Ireland directed their arms.

“ Shall the sister of Britain,” she cried, “ that blest Isle,
No cup but of happiness taste;
On her shall sweet peace everlastingly smile,
While here rage and war commit waste;
No, bear desolation and death to her shore,
Where treasures of nature abound;
Proud England her conquests shall gladly restore,
And France be with victory crowned.”

She said, and her sons to their ships in delight,
With haste inconsiderate flew,

From the navy of Britain she wrapt them in night,
And soon showed Ierne in view;
Inflamed by the prospect, and eager for spoil,
With ardour and canvas they pressed,
And while they impatient redoubled their toil,
Hibernia her Sire thus addressed:

“Disposer of fate, still the innocent’s friend,
On Ireland with favour look down;
From the blood-stained despoiler my votaries defend,
And crush these proud hopes with thy frown.
Oh, ne’er let the sons of impiety bold,
Defying thy judgments, exclaim,
That guilt is permitted to rage uncontrouled,
And Providence nought but a name.”

She spoke, and loud thunder proclaimed to her ear,
That the boon was conceded by Heaven;
The tempest’s strain rose, filled the boldest with fear,
While each bark in disorder was driven;
The sport of wild waves, some were tossed to and fro,
Some engulphed in the fathomless main,
Some captured, while all who survived, in despair
Bewailed their rash project in vain.

Hibernia enraptured her mellow harp strung;
And, transport succeeding to pain,
So sweetly her tribute of gratitude sung,
That angels re-echoed that strain;

Oh join the loud chorus of thanks and of love,
Through all Europe be wafted the sounds;
Praise Him, who on virtue beams mild from above,
But guilt and presumption confounds.

IV.

THE BANTRY BAY INVASION, 1797.

Printed in the 1st volume of a Collection of Constitutional
Songs. A. Edwards, Cork, 1799, p. 78.

THE world has long waited in great consternation
Th' event of this wonderful French preparation;
Whether Portugal,* Ireland, or India called west,
Should be prey to the fierce desperadoes of Brest.
Derry down, &c.

* In Tone's Journal of 18th October, 1796, the following anecdote is given respecting this report. "Shee told me a good story to-day. The English had lodged fifty louis to pay the printer here (Brest) for a copy of the proclamation which they foresaw Hoche would publish, wheresoever he was bound. He got wind of this, and by Shee's advice prepared a proclamation for the Portuguese, in order to have it translated. Having thus spread the report among these knaves, he sent off Shee privately to Angiers, where there is a printer on whom he has reliance, and caused the proclamation to be printed there, taking every possible precaution that not a copy should escape. It was well imagined

There was Admiral Galle, faith, and Richery too,
 A pair of damned pirates as ever you knew ;
 With soldiers and galley-slaves led on by Hoche,*
 I wish the dee'l had the whole set "dans sa poche."
Derry down, &c.

'Twas long undetermined which way they should steer,
 'Till at last they bethought 'em of our Christmas cheer;
 When with good provisions our cellars are stored,
 And beef and plum-pudding smoke rich on the board.
Derry down, &c.

In anger and appetite none could exceed 'em,
 They failed—'tis no treason to say, devil speed 'em,
 That this was their scheme you must own is most clear,
 For they moored 'twixt Sheeps-head and the island of
Beer.† Derry down, &c.

of Colonel Shee, and I have no doubt but those rascally priests will take care the story of the Portuguese proclamation shall find its way to England. All fair—all fair."

* This, no doubt alludes to the *légion noire*—"about eighteen hundred. They are the banditti for England, and sad black-guards they are. They put me strongly in mind of the green-boys of Dublin."—Tone's Journal, 10th November, 1796.

† Punning as this line may seem, it is nevertheless correct. Sheep's Head, or Minterbarra Point, is at the eastern entrance of Bantry bay; Beer, Bere or Bear island, is about a league north-west of it, and about six miles in length. The channel between Bere island on the western side of Bantry bay is about an English mile in breadth, and affords good anchorage in from ten to fifteen

It blew from the shore a brisk wind at north-east,
And they snuff'd in the gale, Richard White's* Christ-
mas feast ;

For at Seafield good cheer and good fellowship reign,
May our enemies long for them ever in vain.

Derry down, &c.

How they licked their lank lips, as they thought to
On his Carberry mutton and old bottled-ale ; [regale
But in this the French gluttons were sadly mistaken,
'Stead of tasting his meat, not to save their own bacon.

Derry down, &c.

For Patrick, the tutelar saint of our isle,
Looked down on his favourite sons with a smile.
"No ravages shall this fair country deform,
I'll scatter the ruffians," he cried, "with a storm."

Derry down, &c.

With spirits elate, and with arms in each hand
Indignant we rose to repel this rash band ;
Meantime our good saint had preferred his petition,
And Æolus, well pleased, undertook the commission.

Derry down, &c.

fathoms water. On the east of the island, or main-passage up the bay, the anchorage varies from thirty to forty fathoms.

* The present Earl of Bantry. The *London Gazette* of 3rd January, 1797, states that "in particular, the spirit, activity, and exertions of Richard White, Esq., of Seafield Park, deserve the most honourable mention."

The wind 'gan to rage, and the surges to roar,
And drove them, half-starved, from the long wished-
for shore ;

A few ships returned, when the weather grew still,
But they ne'er could get farther than Hungry Hill.

Derry down, &c.

O name of ill omen to Richery's crew,
The island of promise just suffered to view ;
Now robbed of their booty, let Hoche and his hectors
Go tell their great feats to the Gallic directors.

Derry down, &c.

To complete their confusion, Lord Bridport appears,*
And the flag of Great Britain triumphant uprears ;
Upon the Atlantic all scattered they rove,
As sheep from the wolf, or from falcon the dove.

Derry down, &c.

Then bumper your glasses, to George drink a health,
To Ireland, peace, happiness, honor, and wealth ;
May no feuds or discord her united sons sever,
And our army and navy be victorious for ever.

Derry down, &c.

* Lord Bridport's squadron, consisting of ten sail of the line, put to sea from Spithead on the 3rd January, 1797, in quest of the French fleet.

V.

OH ! BROTHER SOLDIER.

AT the time of the Bantry bay Invasion, the south and west of Ireland were, comparatively speaking, free from the rebellious poison which the United Irishmen, of the north, endeavoured to instil into the country, and these districts were therefore decidedly hostile to France.

The zeal and alacrity of the yeomanry and volunteer corps, upon the intelligence of the appearance of the enemy's fleet, is particularly noticed in the *London Gazette*, of 3rd January 1797. And in the subsequent *Gazette*, of 7th of January, it is stated, that "the accounts of the disposition of the country where the troops are assembled are as favorable as possible, and the greatest loyalty has manifested itself throughout the kingdom; and in the south and west, where the troops have been in motion, they have been met by the country people of all descriptions with provisions and all sorts of accommodations to facilitate their march; and every demonstration has been given of the zeal and ardour of the nation to oppose the enemy, in every place where it could be supposed a descent might be attempted."

The *London Gazette*, of the 17th of January, contains a letter from the Lord Lieutenant,* in which after

* Earl Camden.

noticing the good disposition evinced by the troops, his excellency proceeds:—"The roads, which in parts had been rendered impassable by the snow, were cleared by the peasantry. The poor people often shared their potatoes with them, and dressed their meat without demanding payment; of which there was a very particular instance in the town of Banagher, where no gentleman or principal farmer resides to set them an example. At Carlow a considerable subscription was made for the troops as they passed; and at Limerick and Cork every exertion was used to facilitate the carriage of artillery and baggage, by premiums to the carmen;* and in the town of Galway which for a short time was left with a very inadequate garrison, the zeal and ardour of the inhabitants and yeomanry was peculiarly manifested, and in a manner to give the utmost satisfaction. In short the general good disposition of the people through the south and west was so prevalent, that had the enemy landed their hope of assistance from the inhabitants would have been totally disappointed. From the armed yeomanry government derived the most honorable assistance. Noblemen and gentlemen of the first property vied in exerting themselves at the head of their corps. Much of the

* The merchants of Cork kept ready in stable twenty horses at their own expense for the use of government, and on the 3rd of January they gave refreshments to seven hundred of the army, besides making an allowance of two pence halfpenny to the wife, and two pence to each child, per day, of those married soldiers who had marched towards Bantry.—ED.

express and escort duty was performed by them. In Cork, Limerick, and Galway, they took the duty of the garrison. Lord Shannon informs me, that men of three and four thousand pounds a-year were employed in escorting baggage and carrying expresses. Mr. John Latouche, who was a private in his son's corps, rode twenty-five miles in one of the severest nights, with an express, it being his turn for duty. The merchants of Dublin, many of them of the first eminence, marched sixteen, Irish, miles with a convoy of arms to the north, whither it was conducted by reliefs of yeomanry."

The song here given is from a manuscript copy, accidentally rescued by the Editor from lighting a fire in an inn at Bandon, May 1825. An inferior version is printed in the first volume of a "Collection of Constitutional Songs," A. Edwards, Cork, 1799, p. 54. It is evidently an impromptu on the first intelligence of the French fleet having anchored in Bantry bay, and exemplifies the loyal feeling so strongly manifested on that trying occasion.

Tune—"Lilliburlero."

Oh! brother soldier, heard you the news,

Twang 'em, we'll bang 'em, and hang 'em up all;
An army's arrived without breeches or shoes,

Twang 'em, we'll bang 'em, and hang 'em up all.

To arms, to arms!

Brave boys, to arms!

A true Irish cause on your courage does call,
 Court, country, and city,
 Against a banditti;
 Twang 'em, we'll bang 'em, and hang 'em up all.

The French to invade us prepared a great fleet,
 Twang 'em, &c.
 And now since they're come, we shall very soon meet.
 Twang 'em, &c.

To arms, to arms, &c.

They come the true cause, they say, to advance,
 Twang 'em, &c.
 But what is more rare they bring freedom from France.
 Twang 'em, &c.

To arms, to arms, &c.

If this should surprise you, there's news, brothers, yet,
 Twang 'em, &c.
 They bring French assignats to pay every man's debt.
 Twang 'em, &c.

To arms, to arms, &c.

* It was intended by the French to issue assignats immediately on their landing. A few were issued by Humbert's order at Killala. The following is a copy of one of these:

"No. 20.

"In the name of the French government, good for half-a-guinea, to be raised of the province of Connaught.

"3rd September, 1798.

"JOHN MOORE."

Mr. Moore, who signed the above, was the son of a Roman

And sure this is paying you in the best ore,

Twang 'em, &c.

For who once is thus paid, will never want more.

Twang 'em, &c.

To arms, to arms, &c.

After all their good nature, we shall not agree,

Twang 'em, &c.

Our Protestant heroes will make them to flee.

Twang 'em, &c.

To arms, to arms, &c.

V.

YE SONS OF HIBERNIA.

THIS song is printed in the first volume of "A Collection of Constitutional Songs. A. Edwards, Cork, 1799, p. 56." And it is given in addition to the preceding, as evidence of the loyal alacrity generally manifested by all classes at the appearance of the French fleet in Bantry bay. From the fourth verse it would seem to have been written by a student of

Catholic gentleman of considerable fortune in the county of Mayo, and was appointed President of Connaught by General Humbert.

Trinity College, Dublin, on the formation of "the college corps."

The dispatch of his excellency the lord lieutenant, published in the *London Gazette*, of 17th January, 1797, and already extensively quoted from, contains the following passage. "The appearance in this metropolis has been highly meritorious. The corps have been formed of the most respectable barristers, attornies, merchants, gentlemen, and citizens, and their number is so considerable, and their zeal in mounting guards so useful, that I was enabled greatly to reduce the garrison with perfect safety to the town."

Tune—"Joy and health to the Duchess wherever she goes."

Ye sons of Hibernia, alive to the call
Of duty most sacred, of glory and honour;
Resolved with your country to stand or to fall,
Who gloriously crowd to true liberty's banner;
Thus loyal and free
You always shall be,
Your king and your country rewards shall bestow,
And gratitude raise
The song to your praise,
Success to our yeomen wherever they go.

In history's volume the sage shall record,
How in anarchy sunk and urged on by distraction,
'Gainst this loyal kingdom that France drew the sword,
Obeying the nod of vile party and faction:

To your country still true,
To your arms you flew
With ardour to combat the insolent foe ;
While Hibernia with pride
Triumphantly cried,
Success to my yeomen wherever they go.

Attached to our country, our king, and our laws,
No party shall rule us, no faction dissever;
We'll conquer or perish in this glorious cause,
Our motto shall be "George and freedom for ever."
To win glory's charms,
More brothers in arms
Shall join us, as streams still enlarge as they flow;
Be sacred each name
In the records of fame,
Success to our yeomen wherever they go.

At college, our students the ardour have caught*
Of patriots distinguished in Greece and in Rome;
By such bright examples so gloriously taught,
To fight for their country in life's early bloom.
How in every age
The hero and sage
United to combat for freedom, they know,

* "The corps, consisting of three hundred gentlemen of the University of Dublin, have so distinguished themselves by spirit and activity, that the dangerous outposts upon the canals are usually committed to them."—*Courier Newspaper*, June 12, 1798.

For their country enroll'd
Like the patriots of old,
The laurel shall wreath them wherever they go.

All ranks, all professions, shall greatly unite,
The lawyer, the student, the farmer, the trader ;
In one armed host for their country to fight,
Their rights to preserve and repel the invader :*
By this valiant band
Protected we'll stand,

* Teeling, in his Personal Narrative, thus ironically describes the appearance of Dublin. "Every man was dressed in military costume. The clerks of office frisked about like young cadets, who, though vain of their dress and appointments, were not yet familiarized with their use. Such of the law officers as I encountered had exchanged their sable for scarlet, and presented the most grotesque appearance,—a perfect caricature of the military profession. Some of the aldermanic body, who happened to be in attendance [at the Castle], were so completely metamorphosed, that even the inventive imagination of Shakspeare could have produced no forms more extraordinary, or more opposite in nature to the human race,—a combination of German moustaches, with Prussian cues extending from the cumbrous helmet which covered the tonsured crown of years ; the gross unwieldy paunch, supported by a belt cracking under the weight of turtle and savoury ragouts. The immense rotundity projecting beyond the scanty skirt of a light horseman's jacket, formed an appearance not more disgusting to the eye, than unsuited to the saddle which was to bear the precious burthen of the gallant volunteer. 'And are these,' said I, 'the heroes that were to contend with Hoche? Oh, blessed be the hour that raised the storm which protected corporate rights, and deprived the vulture of its prey.' "

Long as sea round the shores of Ireland shall flow ;
To them let us raise
The due tribute of praise,
Success to our yeomen wherever they go.

VII.

THE TRIUMPHS OF ERIN.

FROM "A Collection of Constitutional Songs. A.
Edwards, Cork, 1799. Vol. 1. p. 92."

Emerald island, verdant Erin,
Lo! along thy troubled shore,
Treason high its standard rearing,
Pants to dye thy fields in gore.
Once endowed with every blessing,
Free, united, loyal, brave ;
Now thy treach'rous sons are pressing
Thee, their parent to enslave.
Freedom's sacred name assuming,
Basely they pervert its end ;
To their dreadful plans presuming,
Erin's gen'rous soul to bend.

But beneath the cloak of feeling,
Love and truth and peace professed;
Treason, thus its head concealing,
Points a dagger at thy breast.

Those for freedom truly fighting,
Ne'er would sell their native plains;
Nor the aid of France inviting,
Seek a foreign tyrant's chains.

Erin, ancient seat of learning,
Whilst o'er Europe darkness spread,
Can'st not thou, its wiles discerning,
Crush the specious serpent's head.

Nurse of heroes, famed in story,
Oft confounding France and Spain;
May those miscreants cause thy glory,
As of old, to shine again.

See thy sister-island standing,
Mark her calm majestic form;
All her ancient soul commanding,
Smiling at the threaten'd storm.

Round your isles, e'en now in motion,
See her circling navy draws;
Peerless empress of the ocean,
Neptune's self supports her cause.

Then, in conscious strength elated,
 Join with her to save the world;
 Soon shall France, to ruin fated,
 At your conqu'ring feet be hurl'd.

VIII.

ROUSE, HIBERNIANS.

Is entitled "A Song of the United Irishmen," and is copied from the appendix, No. xvi. of Sir Richard Musgrave's *Memoirs of the Irish Rebellions*;—with the following note upon it. "This was found on the mother of Dogherty, an United Irishman, who was killed by Woollaghan, at Delgany, in the county of Wicklow, in autumn 1798. She was seen to throw it out of her pocket, yet she swore she never saw it." Sir Richard Musgrave adds the following remark: "By means of songs the passions of the multitude were very much excited."

Rouse, Hibernians, from your slumbers!

See the moment just arrived,
 Imperious tyrants for to humble,
 Our French brethren are at hand.

Vive la, united heroes,
Triumphant always may they be,
Vive la, our gallant brethren,
That have come to set us free.

Erin's sons be not faint-hearted,
Welcome, sing then Ça Ira;
From Killala they are marching,
To the tune of Vive la.
Vive la, united heroes, &c.

To arms quickly, and be ready,
Join the ranks and never flee,
Determined stand by one another,
And from tyrants you'll be free.
Vive la, united heroes, &c.

Cruel tyrants who oppressed you,
Now with terror see their fall!
Then bless the heroes who caress you,
The orange now goes to the wall.
Vive la, united heroes, &c.

Apostate orange, why so dull now?
Self-willed slaves, why do you frown?
Sure you might know how Irish freemen
Soon would put your orange down.

Vive la, united heroes,
Triumphant always may they be,
Vive la, our gallant brethren,
That have come to set us free.

IX.

GENERAL WONDER IN OUR LAND.

FROM a manuscript copy found among the papers of the late Mr. Millikin (the author of the "Groves of Blarney"), but not in that gentleman's autograph.

Some lines embodying the same idea occur in the poems of O'Kelly, an Irish rhymmer, whose visit to Sir Walter Scott and Miss Edgeworth, when passing through Limerick in 1825, is thus described by Mr. Lockhart:—"There was ushered in a brother-poet, who must needs pay his personal respects to the author of "Marmion." He was a scare-crow figure—attired much in the fashion of the *strugglers*—by name O'Kelly; and he had produced on the spur of the occasion this modest parody of Dryden's famous epigram.

" Three poets, of three different nations born,
The United Kingdom in this age adorn:
Byron of England, Scott of Scotia's blood,
And Erin's pride—O'Kelly great and good."

" Sir Walter's five shillings were at once forthcoming."—&c.

" While Admiral Bridport lay at rest,
And Colpoys everywhere was peeping,
Admiral de Galle stole from Brest,
And thought to catch the Irish sleeping.

“ But a rare Admiral, General Gale,
Oh may the gods give him a blessing !
Appeared in time with crowded sail,
And gave to frog-eaters a dressing.

“ Then here’s a health to General Gale,
And to Momonia’s friends another,
Oh may their union never fail
Invading foes to blast and smother.”

GENERAL wonder in our land,
And general consternation;
General gale on Bantry strand,
For general preservation.

General rich he shook with awe
At general insurrection;
General poor his sword did draw,
With general disaffection.

General blood was just at hand,
As general Hoche appeared;
General woe fled through our land,
As general want was feared.

General gale our fears dispersed,
He conquered general dread;
General joy each heart has swelled,
As general Hoche has fled.

General love no blood has shed,
He left us general ease,
General horror he has fled,
Let God get general praise.

To that great General of the skies,
That sent us general gale,
With general love our voices rise
In one great general peal.

PART IV.

THE KILLALA INVASION—1798.

“A NARRATIVE of what passed at Killala in the county of Mayo, and the parts adjacent, during the French invasion in the summer of 1798, by an Eye-Witness,” appeared soon after the occurrence, and of which pamphlet (of about 120 8vo. pages) several editions have appeared in Ireland. This eye-witness was Dr. Joseph Stock, Bishop of Killala, and who was afterwards translated to the see of Waterford. But the following account of this invasion, which was published in the “Dublin Penny Journal,” by another eye-witness, is so graphic a picture, that the Editor has been tempted to transfer it to these pages.

“A serene and cloudless sky, and brilliant sun, rendered the 22nd of August one of the finest days of that remarkable season.

“It was on the morning of that day, whilst proceeding from Palmerstown to Killala, I first beheld a ship of war; three vessels of unusual size, magnified by the still calm of the ocean, stretched slowly across the bay of Rathfran (on the larboard tack), weathering the reef which divides it from the bay of Killala: a smaller vessel appeared in the offing.

“About twelve o’clock the frigates were visible from

the Steeple Hill and the higher parts of the town; they showed English colours.

“ The collector and some other persons proceeded on board; between two and three o'clock, p.m. the frigates were standing across towards the bay of Rathfran; marks of agitation and restlessness became now apparent amongst several of the inhabitants. I met O'Kearney, the classical teacher, as he was returning from the 'Acres,' a remote and elevated quarter of the town; a half-suppressed smile of satisfaction played on his countenance as he saluted me; it was the last time we ever spoke. At four o'clock the agitation and alarm increased; the revenue officers had not returned. The inhabitants were fronted on the Steeple Hill, Captain William Kirkwood of the yeomanry, now joined in uniform, as well as several of his corps, who began to make their appearance. Two officers of the carabineers arrived from Ballina; they had been at the Cape of Good Hope, and were judges of all those sort of things; we awaited their opinion with anxiety—they could form none. 'Here,' said Captain Kirkwood, handing his telescope to an old seaman belonging to the town, who had served under Howe and Rodney, 'here, tell me what these vessels are.' 'They are French, sir,' replied the veteran, 'I know them by the cut and colour of their sails.'

“ Quitting the crowd, Captain Kirkwood was accosted by Neal Kerugan (afterwards an active chief of insurgents), inquiring, what nation the frigates belonged to. 'Ah, Neal,' replied the Captain, 'you

know as well as I do.' Returning now to Palmerstown, I had scarcely arrived, when a neighbouring peasant on horseback, breathless, and with the perspiration of terror streaming down his forehead, announced that a body of strangers in dark uniforms had landed from the ships—were distributing arms—had been joined by several of the inhabitants, and were actually advancing.—'There they come,' said he, pointing to an eminence a mile and half distant, over which the road passed, and we beheld a dark and solid mass, moving onwards; their arms glittered in the rays of the declining sun. They were occasionally visible as they passed over the inequalities of the ground, till emerging from a banky part of the road, within a quarter of a mile of Palmerstown, we beheld their column of about eight hundred men, silently, but rapidly, advancing. They were preceded at some distance by a single horseman, a robust middle-aged man, dressed in a long green hunting frock, and high conical fur cap; stopping for a moment, he saluted us in the Leinster patois of Irish, with '*Go de mu ha tu*' (how do ye do?—A general officer (Sarrazin) and aide-de-camp (Mr. Tone) were now close up; a laugh of approbation was interchanged between the chasseur and his general.

"The Commander-in-chief (Humbert) seated in a gig now advanced at the head of this celebrated band of warriors, which regularly, but with precision, pressed rapidly forwards; calm and unconcerned, they presented no indication of men going into combat. Having

crossed the bridge of Palmerstown, about three hundred men were countermarched and bivouacked on the green esplanade in front of the village; the remainder marched on to Killala.

“The sun had set behind the western wave and the grey twilight of evening was fast advancing, as the French, descending the hill of Mullagharn, beheld the yeomanry and a party of the Leicestershire fencibles forming on a commanding ridge, at the entrance of the town; Captain Kirkwood had been just apprised of the hostile landing, by a fisherman, who had crossed at Rathfran, whilst the French detoured by Palmers-town, and had ordered his men to this post; from which, however, they retired into the town, on the nearer approach of the French. Three streets diverge from the centre of Killala, in the form of a sportsman's turnscrew: one southerly towards the ‘Acres’; a second westerly, by which the French were advancing; the third or main street, easterly, winding by the church-yard wall, on a steep declivity to the castle; and onwards towards Ballina.

“It was on the edge of this declivity the military reformed; Moreau could not have chosen a more judicious position for a retreat. Humbert on reaching the outskirts of the town, made his dispositions: he detached a party under Neal Kerrugan (who had first joined him), across the Meadows, to enter by the Acres road, in order to cut off the retreat of the military by that rout, or turn them if in position; he advanced a few sections, *en tirailleur*, to occupy the ridge from

which the military had retired. The chasseur galloped into the town to reconnoitre; he was scarcely out of sight in the winding street, when a single shot was heard, followed at a short interval by a random scattery volley:—it was a moment of anxious suspense, but the chasseur bore a charmed life. On approaching the market-place, he was challenged by a yeoman, (a young gentleman of the place), who had loitered behind his companions, with ‘What do ye want, you spy?’ the answer was a bullet through the body, and he fell dead into the door of a house at which he was standing. The veteran then reconnoitred the line of the military, and receiving their fire, returned to his comrades: he related these events with the *sangfroid* of an amateur; he had been in twenty battles, and had never had the honour of receiving the entire fire of the enemy’s line before. The tirailleurs were warmly engaged; the column redoubled its speed, and at the centre of the town, a party of grenadiers which marched at its head, deployed on the main street; they were received by an ill-directed volley from the military, at about one hundred yards distance; their captain was struck with a ball on the foot; foaming with rage, he ordered his grenadiers to charge. It was refused by the military; the yeomanry first broke ground and were soon followed by the fencibles. Protected by the declivity and the church-yard wall, from the French fire, the yeomanry escaped through the castle gates; the fencibles fled onwards towards Ballina; Captain Kirkwood turned down, by his own

house, to the strand, expecting to reach Ballina, unperceived, by that route. One yeoman alone remained, Mr. Smith, the respectable apothecary of the town; aged and afflicted with gout, he was unable to keep pace with his companions; excluded, on shutting the castle gates, he struggled to reach his own house, it was not distant one hundred yards, but his days were numbered; the chasseur was at his heels: eager to make Captain Kirkwood, (whom he first observed) his prisoner, he disdained the same favour to a soldier belonging to the ranks—he fired, and the unfortunate man fell a lifeless corpse.”

SONGS RELATING TO THE KILLALA INVASION.

I.

AGAIN, TO SEEK OUR EMERALD ISLE.

PRINTED in the first volume of "A Collection of Constitutional Songs." A. Edwards, Cork, 1799, p. 89. The editor has no hesitation in ascribing the authorship of this song to Sir Hardinge Giffard.

Again, to seek our Emerald Isle,
The frantic Gaul directs his way ;
Even now his feet the land defile,
Even now I hear sad Erin say,
"Once more arise, ye patriot band,
Avengers of your native land."*

"By all the fields your fathers won,
By all the blood yourselves have shed,
Let every sire exhort his son
To emulate the mighty dead :
Then shall arise the patriot band,
Avengers of their native land.

* "On yonder cliffs, a grisly band,
I see them sit—they linger yet,
Avengers of their native land."—*Gray's Bard*.

“By Wexford’s bridge, begrim’d with blood,
The scene of many a murderous day,
While silver Slaney’s trembling flood,
Ran blushing crimson to the sea!*

To vengeance rise ye patriot band,
To vengeance for your native land.

“By Enniscorthy’s blood-stain’d hill,
Where many a loyal hero lies,
By Ross’s streets, and Fowkes’s mill,
Once more my sons to glory rise ;
’Tis Erin calls her patriot band,
Avengers of their native land.

“By the sad matron’s piercing screams,
That mingle with her children’s cries,
From Scullaboge’s† detested flames,
And claim their vengeance from the skies.
’Tis Erin calls her patriot band,
Avengers of her native land.

* Sir William Davenant, in a poem addressed to the Earl of Orrery, thus compliments his lordship upon his victory at Makroom, in 1650.

“When Makroom chang’d the colour of her flood,
And *deeply blush’d with stains of rebels’ blood* ;
When Cork’s proud river did her flowing stay,
And frightened gave the ebb of Makroom way,
Which from her stream did pale as christal flow,
But in her ebb as red as corral show.”

† For an account of the horrid tragedies enacted in 1798, at the above-named places, see Sir Richard Musgrave’s “Memoirs of the different Rebellions in Ireland.”

“By glorious Ryan’s* honored shade,
(The victim of a murderer’s knife!)
That spirit by no fear dismayed,
Which for his country gave his life.
’Tis Erin calls her patriot band,
Avengers of their native land.

“By sainted Giffard’s† early urn,
A martyr in the dawn of youth,

* Captain Ryan received fourteen wounds from a dagger in the struggle with Lord Edward Fitzgerald (19th May, 1798), which ended in the capture of his lordship. Captain Ryan died in consequence a few days after.

† Lieutenant William Giffard, of the eighty-second regiment, son of the well-known “Jack Giffard” of Dublin, was taken out of the Limerick mail coach, and piked to death by a party of rebels, in May 1798, near Kildare. “The savages having shot one of the horses, so as effectually to prevent the coach from proceeding, demanded of Lieutenant Giffard who and what he was; to which he answered without hesitation that he was an officer, proceeding on his way to Chatham in obedience to orders he had received. They demanded whether he was a Protestant, and being answered in the affirmative, they held a moment’s consultation, and then told him that they wanted officers; that if he would take an oath to be true to them, and join them in an attack to be made the next morning upon Monastereven, they would give him a command, but otherwise he must die. To this the gallant youth replied that he had already sworn allegiance to the king; that he would never offend God Almighty by a breach of that oath; nor would he disgrace himself by turning a deserter and joining the king’s enemies; that he could not suppose an army of men would be so cruel as to murder an individual who

Whose glowing soul no force could turn
From honour, loyalty, and truth.

'Tis Erin calls her patriot band,
Avengers of their native land.

“By brave Mountjoy* and proud O'Neill,†

had never injured them, and who was merely passing through them to a country from whence possibly he never should return; but if they insisted on this proposal he must die, for he never could consent to it. This brave and yet pathetic answer, which would have kindled sentiments of generous humanity in any breasts but those of Irish rebels, had directly the contrary effect upon them. With the utmost fury they assaulted him; he had a case of pocket pistols, which his natural courage and love of life, though hopeless, prompted him to use with effect. Being uncommonly active, he burst from them, and vaulting over a six-feet wall, he made towards a house where he saw a light, and heard people talking. Alas! it afforded no refuge! It was the house of poor Crawford (an old soldier and a pensioner), whom with his granddaughter they had just piked. A band of barbarians, returning from this exploit, met lieutenant Giffard; there he fell, covered with wounds and glory, and his mangled body was thrown into the same ditch with honest Crawford and his innocent granddaughter. Thus he expired at the age of seventeen.” General Sir James Duff, with a body of the king's troops, who had made a forced march from Limerick, of seventy miles, without halting, in forty-eight hours, found the body of the noble young Giffard, and interred it with military honours.

* Luke Gardiner, Lord Mountjoy, colonel of the Dublin regiment of militia, was killed on the 5th June, 1798, in the first attack made by the rebels on the Three Bullet Gate, at New Ross. He was much beloved and lamented.

† Viscount O'Neill, governor of the county of Antrim, acting

By gallant Sandys, in glory slain ;
Where many a traitor taints the gale,
Unburied in the goary plain.

'Tis Erin calls her patriot band,
Avengers of their native land.

"Yes, by those goary fields we swear,
By every immolated friend,
The loyal banner still to rear,
Our king and country to defend.

Since Erin calls her patriot band,
Avengers of their native land."

upon intelligence which he had received, summoned the magistrates of the county, by public notice, to meet him on the 7th June, 1798, at Antrim, to concert measures to prevent an insurrection in the north. The leaders of the conspiracy determined therefore to attack the town on that day, and to make his lordship and the other magistrates prisoners. The attack was made accordingly, and was very nearly successful. Lord O'Neill's horse, being wounded, became unmanageable, and his lordship was knocked off it, in the street between the market house and guard house, by a pikeman, and mortally wounded. His lordship died on the 17th of June, at Shane's Castle.

II.

PLANT, PLANT, THE TREE.

FROM a collection of songs entitled "The Irish Harp new strung." Tune—"Daffy, hi down dilly." It is also printed in the appendix, No. xxvii, to the report from the Committee of Secrecy of the Irish House of Commons, presented by Lord Castlereagh, on the 21st August 1798.

SEE, Erin's sons, yon rising beam,
The eastern hills adorning,
Now freedom's sun begins to gleam,
And break a glorious morning;
Despotic sway from France is chased,
And church delusion vanish'd,
Our isle shall never be disgraced,
If these dread fiends were banished.

CHORUS.

Plant, plant, the tree, fair freedom's tree,
Midst danger, wounds, and slaughter;
Erin's green fields its soil shall be,
Her tyrant's blood its water.

They come, they come, see myriads come,
Of Frenchmen to relieve us:
Seize, seize, the pike, beat, beat, the drum,
They come, my friends, to save us;

Whilst trembling despots fly this land,
To shun impending danger,
We stretch forth our fraternal hand,
To hail each welcome stranger.
Plant, plant, the tree, &c.

The castle which through ages past,
For despots was appointed,
You, sovereign people, claim at last,
For you're the Lord's anointed:
The useless baubles that adorned
Our late vice-royal ninnies,
Now to the crucible returned,
Produce you useful guineas.
Plant, plant, the tree, &c.

Those nicknames, marquis, lord, and earl,
That set the crowd a-gazing;
We prize as hogs esteem a pearl,
Their patents set a-blazing.
No more they'll vote away our wealth,
To please a king or queen, sirs,
But gladly pack away by stealth,
Or taste the guillotine, sirs.
Plant, plant, the tree, &c.

Our Commons too who say, for sooth,
They represent the nation,
Shall scamper east, west, north, and south,
Or feel our indignation;

The speaker's mace to current coin
We presently will alter,
For ribands lately thought so fine
We'll fit each with a halter.
Plant, plant, the tree, &c.

No more our tithes we'll grumbling throw
To those who on us trample,
But, where he wills each man shall go,
To reason's purest temple;
Erin go bragh, each choir shall sing,
The heart oppressed to cheer, sirs;
Nor those curs'd sounds "God save the King,"
Discordant grate our ears, sirs.
Plant, plant, the tree, &c.

The nation's bank has been put up,
To swindling most completely,
To forgeries it e'en can stoop,
On guinea notes so neatly.
And when it gets your solid coin,
The custom-house marauder,
Will forgery in red letters join
To the back of Townly Lawder.
Plant, plant, the tree, &c.

Those lawyers who with face of brass,
And wigs replete with learning,
Whose far-fetch'd quibbling quirks surpass
Republicans' discerning;

For them, to ancient forms be staunch,
'Twill suit such worthy fellows,
In justice spare one legal branch,—
I mean reserve the gallows.
Plant, plant, the tree, &c.

And when th' all-glorious work is done,
Rejoice with one another,
To plough-shares beat the sword and gun,
Now ev'ry man's your brother;
Detested wars shall ever cease
In kind fraternization,
All will be harmony and peace,
And the whole world one nation.
Plant, plant, the tree, &c.

III.

ERIN MAY GO BRAY.

ORIGINALLY published under a caricature print of a hussar, riding on an unruly ass, and stated to be "found in the pocket of a French officer." To the tune of "Malbrook." Reprinted in the first volume of "A Collection of Constitutional Songs." Cork: A. Edwards, 1799, p. 90. The authorship of this song has been attributed to Law, bishop of Elphin.

ERIN MAY GO BRAY.

From Rochfort, in the Bay of Biscay,
 Me come for de very fine whiskey,
 To make de Jacobine friskey;
 And Erin may go bray,*
 And Erin may go bray!

Me get de mealy potatoe,
 From de Irish democrato,
 To make de Jacobin fatto.
 And Erin may go bray, &c.

Me get by de guillotine axes,
 De rents, and de tydes, and de taxes,
 De beef, and de pork, and de flaxes,
 And Erin may go bray, &c.

De beef be good for my belly,
 De veal make very fine jelly,
 For me to kiss Norah and Nelly.
 And Erin may go bray, &c.

* A play upon the well-known motto of *Erin go bragh*. The Bantry bay as well as the Killala expeditions, had on board several flags, with this and other Irish mottoes and devices. In the narrative of the Killala invasion by Bishop Stock, he says, "A green flag was mounted" (by the French) "over the castle gate," (the bishop's residence) "with the inscription ERIN GO BRAGH, importing, as I am told, Ireland for ever! This flag was the signal to invite as many as had the spirit to assert their freedom to join a brave people, who were come for no other purpose but to make them independent and happy."

De linen make shirt for my ruffle,
And Pat may go work vid his shovel,
Or live in his d——d dirty hovel.

And Erin may go bray, &c.

By Gar! you may grumble and pricko,
But Jacobin always will sticko,
While there's any thing for him to picko.

And Erin may go bray, &c.

Thanks to Neddy* and O'Connor,†
Who did me very great honor,
To put me astride upon her.

And Erin may go bray, &c.

* Lord Edward Fitzgerald.

† Mr. Arthur O'Connor, the nephew of Lord Longueville, was educated for the church, which, as a profession, he gave up for the bar. He was brought into the Irish Parliament by his uncle, and to his great surprise and displeasure, in 1795 made a violent speech against government; after which he proceeded to England, and became intimate with several of the opposition members of the English house. Mr. O'Connor was the sworn proprietor of *The Press*, a revolutionary newspaper, established in Dublin in October 1797, and the publication of which it appears extraordinary that the Irish government should have allowed to continue until Mr. O'Connor's arrest at Margate with Father Coigley. The paper and printing materials of *The Press* were seized, with the sixty-eighth number unpublished, on the 6th March 1798, by Alderman Alexander, in consequence of this information.

IV.

HUMBERT'S MISTAKE.

REPRINTED from the first volume of "A Collection of Constitutional Songs." Cork, A. Edwards, 1799, p. 118.

Tune—"Moggy Lawder."

From Castlebar, the French declare,

It is their sole intention,

On Connaught forthwith to confer

Freedom of their invention;

What freedom this

You soon may guess

By Humbert's proclamation;*

"You dogs," said he,

"You shall with me

Go plunder your own nation."

As Cooke, when on a savage shore

He friends would make of boobies,

* "A proclamation has been published by the French general, addressed to the Irish people. I read it this day. It differs but in few particulars from that issued by General Hoche, when off the coast of this kingdom. Great numbers of them, it appears, have been distributed through the province of Connaught, and from its appearance, I think, it was printed in Ireland."—*Private letter from Dublin, 29th August, printed in Courier, of 4th Sept. 1798.*

So beads and trinkets they brought o'er,
As presents for cropt boobies;
Of green surtouts,
Three thousand suits,*

* "Chests, containing each forty fusils, and others filled with new French uniforms and gaudy helmets, being heaped together in the castle-yard," (at Killala) "the first" (Irish peasants) "that offered their services received complete clothing; and these, by credible report, were about a thousand in number. The next comers, who were at least as many, had every thing but shoes and stockings. To the last arms only were given. And of arms, Colonel Charost assured the bishop, not less than five thousand stand were, in this place, delivered out to the insurgents.

"It was a melancholy spectacle, to those in the castle, to witness the eagerness with which the unfortunate rustics pressed forward to lay hold of these fatal trappings, the sure harbingers of their own speedy destruction.

"The coxcombry of the young clowns in their new dress; the mixture of good humour and contempt in the countenances of the French, employed in making puppies of them; the haste of the undressed to be as fine as their neighbours, casting away their old clothes long before it came to their turn to receive the new; above all, the merry activity of a handsome young fellow, a marine officer, whose business it was to consummate the vanity of the recruits by decorating them with helmets, beautifully edged with spotted brown paper, to look like leopard's skin, a task which he performed standing on a powder-barrel, and making the helmet fit any skull, even the largest, by thumping it down with his fists, careless whether it could ever be taken off again—these were circumstances that would have made you smile, though you had just come from seeing your house in flames."—

Extracts from Bishop Stock's Narrative.

They gave the rabble round them,
Who on that night
Played least in sight,
Nor have the Gauls since found them.

This novel "freedom" next "commands"

"That all men under forty
Shall in a mass, with pikes in hands,
Go fight the Orange-party ;"
But when they hear
Cornwallis near,

These mighty boasters scamper;
And as they run
From town to town
Their front and rear we hamper.

Behold at length, near Mohill's plain,
We to an action brought them;
Their barefoot allies they complain,
Are more savage than they thought 'em;
French vipers fought
'Till they were taught
An Orange file was stronger,
Than any yet
They ever met;
So they would bite no longer.

And when the French a parley beat
Our cannons cease to thunder,
The Connaught spalpeens now retreat,
'Twas useless to knock under;

For well they knew,
 The perjured crew,
 No claim they had to favours;
 With fright half dead
 Each savage fled,
 His brogues his only saviours.

When th' open foe were prisoners made,
 'Twas then began the slaughter;
 Brave Roden's horse about them laid,
 'Mongst rebels from the altar.

Now Croppies speak,*
 What think you o' Lake,
 An't he a horrid 'Delzo'?†
 Of earth the scum,
 Before him run,
 They can't digest his pills O!‡

Our Armagh brothers did sustain
 An action hot and bloody;

* *Hibernice*—spake.

† Delzo—was a nickname given by the rebels to the orange-men or loyalists; and is of frequent occurrence in the songs of this period.—

“And may each loyal *Delzo* long join in the strain, sir,

God save the king, to the devil with Tom Paine, sir.” &c.

The word *Delzo* has been explained to the Editor as a contraction of the devil's or de'il's own.

‡ “Lake's pills for a breaking out,” was a common term for musket balls, in 1798.

Their bayonets broke they still maintain
 The fight with fists most ready;
 The traitor Blake*
 Submits to Lake,
 With ninety-three poor peasants;
 Teeling and Roach
 (Our isle's reproach)
 Are now convicted felons.

You wealthy Crops, a warning take,
 From Humbert's "Gallic freedom,"
 Did he succeed, alike he'd speak
 To you and "Thomas Needham."
 "How can I know
 A friend from foe?"
 Would be the Frenchman's answer;
 The piper you'd pay
 As sure as day,
 Let who would be the dancer.†

* A Galway gentleman, of the Roman Catholic persuasion, taken in French uniform among the rebels, at Ballinamuck, and hanged. A postscript to General Lake's letter, dated 8th September, and published in the *London Gazette*, extraordinary, of 14th September 1798, states, "Ninety-six rebels taken. Three of them called general officers, by the names of Roach, Blake, and Teeling."

† This seems suggested by the following lines in Dibdin's song of "The Invasion"—

"Then they'll fasten a rope from the land's-end to France,
 On which, when their wonderful project's grown riper,
 They'll all to the tune of the carmagnol dance,
 Determin'd to make Jack Rosbiff pay the piper."

V.

THE CROPPIES IN SPIRITS.

FROM a manuscript copy. An inferior version appears in "A Collection of Constitutional Songs," Vol. ii. p. 61, published by A. Edwards, Cork, 1800. Tune—"The Protestant Boys," as the popular melody of "Lilliburlero" was generally called in the year 1798.

The Croppies "great news," in high spirits are crying,
"Come cheer up, my boys, the day is our own!"

The French flag is flying, the French fleet is lying,
In Killala bay, so all friends must go down.

Great warriors all, obey the glad call,

To welcome brave Humbert who's just come to land;
With pike, scythe, and hedge-stake, now let us the
field take,

And prove to the world we can yet make a stand.

Then every crop quickly pulled off the tail,

That a fortnight before he with caution put on;
Quite sure that their stratagems now could not fail,
The day was their own, they would hold two to one;
As their union, union, republican union,

Now would take place on the Shannon's green banks,
And the liberty tree should there firm planted be,

And from turf a gold cup made to give France their
thanks.

Strong union like our's, between freedom and power,
Must sure be cemented and never decay;
All heretic king's-men will long curse the hour
That Humbert first landed at Killala bay.
His clothing and arms, brought with them such charms,
As made hundreds in haste to his standard to hie;
But when dressed snug and warm, they thought it no
harm
From their new civic friends with their booty to fly.
At first the French fancied their allies did but joke,
And issued their orders, that they'd take the field;
But stout General Teeling to Humbert thus spoke:
"Do you think, you Spalpeen,* that to you I will yield?
No, I'll have the command, as this is our land,
No soup-meagre Frenchman shall e'er command me;
And now if you grumble, you back all may tumble,
Take a stick in your hands, boys, and walk home by
sea.

But while he was speaking Lake's army appears,
And Teeling stops short at the sound of a gun;
"Boys, trust to your legs; bid good bye to monseers."
So away to the mountains and bogs they all run.
Then the gallant Armagh such feats did display,
As filled their allies full of dread and alarms,
That the rebels all fled, and the Frenchmen in dread
Thought it best for their safety to lay down their
arms.

* *Spailpin*—a mean fellow.

Let each loyal subject that's fond of his king,
 Now fall in the ranks, with his musket in hand,
 In praise of our yeomen each roof should now ring,
 For they're the protection of this troubled land;
 All rebels, suppress 'em, our king may God bless him,
 And may he live long till all foes he destroys;
 May our good constitution meet no revolution,
 But still be supported by protestant boys!

VI.

NEWS FROM FRANCE.

PRINTED in the first volume of "A Collection of Constitutional Songs," A. Edwards, Cork, 1799, p. 38.

Tune—"Paddy Whack."

Good people of Erin attend to the nation,
 That long ago threaten'd to drive the world free,
 And quickly consult for your self-preservation,
 On reading her impudent Irish decree:
 "France offers the Irish that gentle protection
 She offered the Swiss, who like fools chose their graves,
 And as proof of indulgence, she'll feel no objection
 To raise the poor dogs to the rank of French slaves.
 "But freedom like her's being really a blessing,
 And not by a state to be gained every day,

'Tis fair that a people, this treasure possessing,
A price to their masters proportioned should pay;
To conquer for nothing, and rule without profit,
While charged with expenses her troops to maintain,
Is what she dislikes, and she begs to be off it,
France never gives freedom to natives in vain.

"She therefore refuses to aid insurrection,
As serving the cause of the rebels alone,
But first she will conquer, and then give protection,
And settle conditions—when Erin's her own.
For, unless to her plans of dominion appendant,
How can they, unconquered, affect to be free?
And how can they ever be called independent,
Unless, to whatever she wills, they agree?

"By Bridport's and Curtis's special permission,
As soon as her ships shall appear on the coast,
She begs from the Irish unquestioned admission,
And no molestation in landing her host:
The country she'll clear, as a proof of affection,
Of horses and cattle, and all she can reach,
And trusts that the peasants will find no objection,
Just gently to drag her great guns from the beach.

"To tradesmen she'll shew her particular favour,
And take manufactures that hang on their hands;
For plunder alone is the plan that can save her,
And surely they'll strive to outdo her demands.
The wealthy will find in a moment corrected
Each source of complaint and abuse in finance,

For the cash of the land having wisely collected,
She'll lodge that incumbrance securely in France.

“The clergy of every persuasion admitting,
To that toleration she shews to her own, [fitting,
They may do their good works in the place most be-
But the ravens of heaven shall feed them alone ;
She'll help the high church to a much safer station,
And leave not the catholics quite without hope,
For should they be teased till they fly from the nation,
They'll happily wander about with the Pope.

“Then for starving mechanics what holiday making!
No work for their labour, no cash for their gains,
No collectors of taxes, no proctors tythes taking,
But active French soldiers to spare them the pains ;
Whilst all shall by force volunteer contribution,
And those who have nothing must raise it by stealth,
With blessings like these and the French constitution,
Sure slav'ry is freedom, and beggary wealth!”

Sons of Erin, confound with indignant emotion
The traitors who thus would reduce you to slaves,
For proudly secure's the green isle of the ocean,
While Duncan, and Jervis, and Howe, rule the waves:
United with Britain, may Erin for ever,
In commerce, in arts, and in science advance ;
United with Britain, may Erin for ever
Live mighty and free, independent of France.

VII.

THE ORANGE LILY.

PRINTED in the second Volume of "A Collection of Constitutional Songs," Cork, A. Edwards, 1800, p. 6, and there stated to be written "by J. B., Esq., of Lodge No. 471."

My dear Orange brothers, have you heard of the news,
How the treacherous Frenchmen our gulls to amuse,
The troops that last April they promised to send,
At length at Killala they ventured to land.

Good Croppies, but don't be too bold now,
Lest you should be all stow'd in the hold now,
Then to Bot'ny you'd trudge, I am told now,
And a sweet orange lily for me.

But now that they're landed they find their mistake,
For in place of the Croppies they meet the brave Lake;
He soon will convince them that our orange and blue
Can ne'er be subdued by their plundering crew.

Good Croppies, then don't, &c.

That false traitor Emmet,* more ungrateful than hell,

* Mr. Thomas Addis Emmet, who died an exile in America. His younger brother, Robert, was executed in Dublin, 20th September, 1803.

With Mc Nevin* and Arthur,† though fast in their cell;
 What they formerly swore they have dar'd to deny,
 And the Secret Committee have charg'd with a lie!

Good Croppies, then don't, &c.

But as, by this falsehood, it is clear they intend
 To induce us poor peasants the French to befriend;
 We shall soon, I hope, see them high dangling in air,
 'Twould be murd'ring the loyal such miscreants to spare.

Good Croppies, then don't, &c.

On the trees at the camp Crop Lawless‡ intended,
 To hang up all those who their country defended;
 As the scene is reversed, a good joke it will be,
 In the place of dear Camden§ to put up those three.

Good Croppies then don't, &c.

Judgment being entered on that bloody Bond,¶
 Execution should follow, the people contend;

* Dr. Mc Nevin, sent over, as an agent to France, by the society of United Irishmen, in June 1797, to press that republic to hasten another expedition.

† Mr. Arthur O'Connor. See p. 89.

‡ Mr. William Lawless, a surgeon residing in French-street, Dublin, by whom Lord Edward Fitzgerald was brought to the house of Cormick, in Thomas-street, for concealment in the early part of April 1798, and where his lordship remained concealed for nearly a month.

§ The Marquis Camden.

|| Mr. Oliver Bond, at whose house the Leinster delegates, of the United Irishmen, were arrested, and several papers taken,

Why stay it, say they, when engagements they've
broken?

The Direct'ry deny ev'ry word they had spoken.

Good Croppies, then don't, &c.

Then gird on your sabres, my brave Orangemen all,
For the Croppies are down, and the Frenchmen shall fall;
Let each lodge sally forth, from one to nine hundred.
Those freebooters ere long with the dead shall be
number'd.

Good Croppies, then don't, &c.

on the 12th March, 1798, which proved the existence of a conspiracy, upon information given by Mr. Thomas Reynolds, subsequently held up to public contempt as "Reynolds the informer." The Memoirs of Mr. Reynolds have been published by his son (2 vols. 8vo. 1838) with a view to vindicate his father's motives and memory. Mr. Bond died suddenly, 6th September, 1798, in Newgate, Dublin, where he was confined on the charge of high treason.

SIR JOHN WARREN'S ACTION.

Humbert

To cooperate with what was considered to be the successful invasion of Humbert* and his small force at Killala, the French Directory used every exertion to dispatch the more formidable armament destined for Ireland, and which sailed before the news of Humbert's surrender was known.

This expedition consisted of one line-of-battle ship (la Hoche), eight frigates (namely, la Loire, la Coquille, la Bellone, l'Immortalité, l'Ambuscade, la Résolue, la Romaine, and la Sémillante), with a schooner (la Biche), and a transport brig, all of which, except the two last-named frigates and the two smaller vessels, were captured. In this fleet about three thousand soldiers were embarked, and the complements of the ships amounted to two thousand five hundred men more; which is mentioned as orders appear to have been given, if a landing was effected, to destroy the ships in case of necessity, and unite their crews with the troops. Considerable supplies of ammunition, spare arms, and clothing, were, as in the cases of the Bantry bay and Killala armaments, embarked.

* The signature given above is engraved from an autograph in the collection of John Blachford, Esq.

The military command of this force was entrusted to General Hardy, and the naval to Commodore Bompert, of the *Hoche*; on board which ship was the notorious Irish traitor Theobald Wolfe Tone, under his republican name of Citizen Smith, and in the character of Chef-de-Brigade.

Bompert's squadron sailed from Brest on the 17th September 1798, and after encountering contrary winds and some severe gales, arrived on the 10th of October off the coast of the county of Donegal. On the following day, at noon, the enemy was discovered bearing to the northward, by the *Amelia* (38 guns), which signalized the intelligence to the *Canada* (74), Captain Sir John Borlase Warren, who had in company at the time, two line-of-battle ships, and five frigates, including the *Amelia*, of which two were razées.* Two of these frigates, with a small vessel (the *Sylph*), had hovered around and watched the French squadron since its departure from Brest, until they fell in with and joined that of Sir John Warren.

The signal for a general chase was immediately made from the *Canada*, and to form as each ship came up with the enemy; but from the great distance of the French ships to windward, and a hollow sea, with rough and boisterous weather, the chase was continued all day during the 11th; the entire night, and until half-past five in the morning of the 12th of October; when the French Commodore (Bompert) perceiving

* "Tone's Memoirs" says, "Six ships of the line, one razée of sixty guns, and two frigates."

an engagement to be unavoidable, bore down and formed his line in close order upon the starboard tack.

From the length of the chase, and the English ships being so much separated, it was impossible to close before seven ; and then the Robust led ; the Magnanime followed, and passing to leeward of five French frigates they proceeded to engage the Hoche.

The action, which took place off Tory Island, and was distinctly seen and heard from the main land, commenced, according to the gazetted account, at twenty minutes past seven, and at eleven the Hoche, after a gallant defence, struck (see note, p. 115), and the French frigates made sail. The English ships of the line engaged were the Canada, Robust, and Foudroyant, with the Magnanime, Amelia, Ethalion, Melampus, and Anson frigates, which latter came up at the close of the action, having lost her mizen-mast in the chase of the preceding day.

Little more, and indeed in some particulars not so much as is here stated, appears in the *London Gazette* or official record of this action. Mr. James, in his *Naval History*, justly remarks that it is "very barren of details"; and to James's valuable work the reader is referred for the best account which has been published. Vol. ii, p. 224 to 248.

The flying frigates were followed by Sir John Warren's squadron, with the exception of the Robust, which remained by the Hoche ; and at four o'clock in the afternoon three of them had, after an honorable and obstinate resistance, hauled down their colours.

These were the *Coquille*, *Ambuscade*,* and *Bellone*; between the latter frigate and the *Ethalion* a close and severe contest was maintained for nearly two hours. And when the *Bellone* struck most of her sails had come down, and she had five feet of water in her hold, with twenty men killed and forty-five wounded. Of the remaining five frigates three were pursued by the English squadron round Telling-head, the other two with the schooner and brig having hauled the wind.

The three frigates on rounding Telling-head ran up Donegal bay during the night. One of them (*la Romaine*) which appeared nearly opposite the town of Donegal, grounded, when she prepared to put some men on shore. On perceiving this, Captain Montgomery, of the Mount Charles yeomanry, bravely and judiciously drew up his small corps, under cover of a wall, to oppose any attempt of the enemy to land. But the frigate floating with the rise of the tide, and an Irishman who had gone on board acquainting the captain with the surrender of Humbert, the intention was abandoned, and she stood out to join her companions.

Sir John Warren observing in the morning the two frigates which had hauled the wind the preceding day, gave chase to them in the *Canada*, accompanied by the *Foudroyant*; and dispatched the *Melampus*, Captain (afterwards Admiral Sir Graham) Moore, in search of those which had run into Donegal bay.

* The *Coquille* had eighteen killed and thirty-one wounded. The *Ambuscade* fifteen killed and twenty-six wounded.

At midnight, on the 13th, the *Melampus* fell in with the *Résolue* and *Immortalité*, and directly opened so effective a fire upon the former as completely to unrig her in twenty-five minutes; which forced her to bring to and surrender, with the loss of ten men killed and several wounded, while the *Melampus* had but one man wounded. What was singular and can only be accounted for by a supposition on the part of the captain of the *Immortalité* that a superior English force was at hand, is, that his frigate, although in company with the *Résolue*, did not in any way interfere in the action between her and the *Melampus*, beyond making several signals. The *Immortalité* was subsequently (on the 20th October) captured by the *Fisgard*, Captain (now Admiral Sir T. Byam) Martin, after a severe action, with the loss of ten officers and forty-four men killed and sixty-one wounded,* and after having thrown overboard, while chased, fifteen hundred stand of arms.

On the 18th of October, the *Anson*, Captain (afterwards Admiral Sir Philip) Durham, after an action of an hour and a quarter, took the *Loire*, which, before she surrendered, had forty-eight men killed and seventy-five wounded.† The *Loire* was one of the two frigates pursued by Sir John Warren on the morning of the 13th, and from whom she escaped. On the 15th, she was chased by the *Mermaid* and *Kangaroo*, and during the morning of

* The *Fisgard* had ten killed and twenty-five wounded.

† The *Anson* had two killed and thirteen wounded.

the 16th a slight engagement took place between her and the latter vessel, when the Kangaroo's foretopmast being shot away Captain Brace was obliged to give up the contest. At daylight on the 17th the Mermaid, Captain Newman, came up with the Loire, after a tedious chase of forty-eight hours, and a desperate fight ensued. A great part of the time the ships were within pistol shot of each other, and the French soldiers on board the Loire kept up a tremendous and incessant fire of musketry, although literally mowed down by the round and grape shot from the guns of the Mermaid. Both ships being dismasted and nearly wrecks the action was mutually discontinued. But the Loire escaped only from the Canada, the Kangaroo, and the Mermaid, to be taken, as has been stated, on the 18th by the Anson; and when her crippled state, and the great exhaustion of her crew is considered, her defence must stand amongst the most extraordinary instances of courage and perseverance upon record. The Loire is described as "one of the largest and finest frigates belonging to the French republic, presented by the city of Nantes, quite new, and never at sea before." She was pierced for fifty-four guns, and actually mounted forty-six eighteen-pounders. On board of her were a number of artillery-men, with the état-major for three regiments, three thousand complete suits of clothing, and upwards of a thousand muskets, with other arms and ammunition.

It was not until the 31st of October that the Robust brought her prize, the Hoche, into Lough Swilly;

for so tempestuous had been the weather that both ships, with the Doris, which had joined them, were nearly lost on Barra-head. The following is a copy of General Hardy's proclamation, from one taken on board the Hoche.

“LIBERTY! EQUALITY! FRATERNITY! UNION!
(*Device.*—A cap of liberty. Two hands united, and the rising-sun.)

“THE GENERAL COMMANDING THE FRENCH ARMY IN IRELAND, TO THE UNITED IRISHMEN.

“United Irishmen,—The persecution which you experience on the part of a government atrociously perfidious, has excited sentiments of indignation and horror in the breast of every friend of humanity. The lovers of liberty, while they admire your fortitude, deplore the situation to which you are reduced. The complaints of your suffering country are heard in all parts of the world, but your cause has become more particularly that of the French people. It is to give you new proofs of their affection, it is to second your generous efforts, that the Executive Directory of the French republic have sent me among you. I do not enter your country with hostile views, to spread terror and desolation around me. I come not to dictate the law. Companion and friend of the gallant Hoche, I follow scrupulously the line of conduct which he has chalked out. I come to fulfil his engagements; to offer you friendship and assistance; to bring you arms, ammunition, and all the means necessary to break the barbarous yoke under which you groan; I present to

you my brave companions; they know no other road but that of honour and victory. Long trained in the art of humbling tyrants, under whatever form they may present themselves, they will join their courage with yours; they will mix their bayonets with your pikes, and Ireland shall be free for ever!

“Unhappy victims of the most execrable despotism, you who groan in hideous dungeons, where at every moment you are plunged by the ferocious cruelty of your English tyrants, let hope once more revisit your hearts; your chains shall be broken. Unfortunate inhabitants, who have seen your houses, your property, wrapped in flames, by your pitiless enemies, your losses shall be repaired.

“Rest in peace, gallant and unspotted spirits of FITZGERALD,* of CROSBIE,† of COIGLEY,‡ of ORR,§ of

* Lord Edward, captured on the 19th May, 1798, as before mentioned, p. 81, died in Newgate, on the 4th June following, of the wounds he received in his struggle with Captain Ryan.

† Sir Edward Crosbie, Bart., hanged at Carlow, on the 5th June, 1798; and his head spiked on the gaol.

‡ Or Quigley, arrested with Mr. Arthur O'Connor, 28th February 1798, at Margate, on the point of embarking for France, to negotiate for the invasion of Ireland; tried at Maidstone, and hanged and beheaded on Penneden Heath, 7th June following, and buried under the gallows.

§ Hanged at Carrickfergus, 14th October, 1797. Some spirit-stirring verses, entitled the “Wake of William Orr,” by Dr. Drennan, which originally appeared in the *Press* newspaper, may be found reprinted in a Collection of the *Ballad Poetry of Ireland*, published by Duffy, Dublin, 1845.

HARVEY;* your blood, shed for the sacred cause of liberty, shall cement the independence of Ireland; it circulates in the veins of all your countrymen, and the United Republicans swear to punish your assassins.

(Signed) HARDY."

An improbable anecdote is related in "Tone's Memoirs" of the manner in which Tone was recognised, or, according to the colouring given to the transaction, betrayed by Sir George Hill. This anecdote appears to have no better authority, for its foundation, than paragraphs in the *Courier* newspaper of the 7th, 9th, and 17th of November, 1798, which paragraphs, when the then almost republican politics of that print are considered, any dispassionate reader would discredit. But (if it were necessary to vindicate a loyal subject, and a magistrate, from the charge of doing his public duty without reference to his private feelings) what sets this story at rest, or at least deprives it of its sting, is a private letter from Lord Castlereagh, which the Editor has seen, dated ten days before the arrival of the Hoche in Lough Swilly. In this his lordship (then Secretary of State) says:—"I congratulate England no less on the capture of the Hoche,

* A highly respectable Protestant gentleman who headed the rebels in the county of Wexford. Upon the royal army obtaining possession of Wexford, 21st June 1798, he escaped to one of the Saltee Islands, off the coast of that county, and was taken there; brought to Wexford, tried by court-martial, on the 26th June, 1798, and hanged on the following day.

than I do Ireland on the value of her cargo. The arch-traitor Tone is himself a very capital prize." It is therefore evident that the Irish government were perfectly aware that Tone was on board the *Hoche*, and consequently their prisoner before the arrival of that ship in port.

Tone was transmitted to Dublin, where he was tried by court-martial, and having nothing to offer in palliation of his treason, except the vindication of it, was sentenced to death. He appeared at his trial in French uniform, and on hearing the sentence requested to be shot, as a soldier holding a commission in the French service under the name of Smith, which request was of course refused. On the evening previous to the day fixed for his execution he was found to have wounded himself in the throat so desperately that he could not be moved without the probability of dying before he reached the scaffold, and after lingering in this state for a week, he died in prison, on the 19th of November, a martyr in the cause of rebellion.

The private journals of Tone, published by his son, and which have been before mentioned and quoted from, prove that he was, like most rebels, an ambitious and a disappointed man. It is evident that he possessed nothing more than ordinary talent, with extraordinary vanity. And it may not be incurious, as a moral lesson, to prove this assertion from his own confessions. On the 24th of February, 1796, when in Paris intriguing for the invasion of Ireland, he writes, "I believe that wiser men, if they would speak the

truth, would feel elevated in my situation; hunted from my own country as a traitor, living obscurely in America as an exile, and received in France by the Executive Directory almost as an ambassador. Well, murder will out. I am as vain as the devil." Vol. ii, p. 30. On the 15th of August following, Tone writes, "Put on my regimentals for the first time." "Walked about Paris to shew myself," and so on.

Before closing Tone's journals there is one observation, almost the only shrewd one to be found therein, which deserves notice as prophetically applicable to himself. It occurs under date of the 7th March, 1796 (vol. ii, p. 40), moralizing upon the fate of Admiral Trogoff and the fortunes of Dumourier, he writes thus: "If men had common sense, not to say common honesty, they would not be traitors to their country with such examples before their eyes."

SONGS REFERRING TO THE ACTION OF SIR
JOHN BORLASE WARREN'S SQUADRON
WITH THE FRENCH FLEET.

I.

THE SONG OF THEOBALD WOLF TONE.

FROM a manuscript copy. It is printed in the second volume of "A Collection of Constitutional Songs." A. Edwards, Cork, 1800, p. 28, with the following title, "Song xxi. By an Irishman (on board the La Hoche), one of our patriotic countrymen, who joined our national and inveterate enemy in their late fruitless attempt to invade this kingdom."

From France to Lough Swilly I came,
And that, by my soul, was a blunder ;
But I thought that my high-sounding name
Would in Ireland perform some wonder ;
I star'd, and my friends all look'd blue,
When "Sir John" and his fleet did perceive us,
For I knew, once he got us in view,
The devil himself could not save us.

Tol de rol, rol de rol.

British thunder now roared in my ears,
 Seemed to shake the world to its foundation;
 So I down on my knees to my prayers,*
 And begg'd heav'n to preserve the "great" nation;
 But all I could say 'twas in vain,
 Heav'n deigned not to hear my petition,
 For I'd follow'd too much of "Tom Paine,"†
 "That curse" to a civilized nation.
 Tol lol, &c.

The balls rattled round us like hail,
 ("Och" Brest, how I wish'd I'd been in it,)
 Now our courage began for to fail,
 And our colours were struck in a minute;‡

* A bad rhyme with worse reason. Tone was evidently one of those philosophers "who'd rather drink than pray," and although he terminated his career by suicide, no man, either morally or physically speaking, can be more unfairly charged with cowardice.

† An edition of thirty thousand copies of "Paine's Age of Reason" was printed at Belfast, for gratuitous circulation by the society of United Irishmen.

‡ Be the same more or less. In *Tone's Memoirs* the action is asserted to have lasted six hours, and to have been maintained by the Hoche (of 74 guns) "surrounded by four sail of-the-line and a frigate." The *London Gazette* (21st October 1798), upon which the Editor is inclined to place at least equal reliance, states that "the action commenced at twenty minutes past seven, a.m., and at eleven the Hoche (of 80 guns), after a gallant defence, struck." It also happens that there were only three English sail-of-the-line in the action. James, in his *Naval History*,

Then they mann'd us with tars who could fight,
 There are few such in all the "great nation";
 Had the Directory but seen the sight,
 How they'd blush for their "grand expedition."
 Tol de rol, &c.

But who dare attempt to oppose
 Britain's heroes upon their own ocean?
 As to striving to land on their shore,
 In troth they're "beat out of the notion";
 And when their envoy comes begging for peace,
 Unless in a balloon they can swing him;
 In England he'll ne'er shew his face,
 Till they "borrow a vessel to bring him."
 Tol lol, &c.

vol. ii, p. 226, says "that about half-past eight a warm cannonade commenced, and about half-past ten the Hoche struck"; thus reducing the actual engagement from *six* to *two* hours, and which statement is probably nearest to the truth, as according to the log of the Robust (unquestionably the best authority), that ship got alongside of the Hoche at fifty minutes past eight, and at forty-nine minutes past ten the Hoche struck.

These discrepancies afford an example of the difficulties which an honest and careful historian has to contend with; and the close investigation necessary to arrive at a correct conclusion upon any point.

II.

WHEN THE PADDIES OF ERIN.

PRINTED in the second volume of "A Collection of Constitutional Songs," A. Edwards, Cork, 1800, p. 32, and stated to be written "by a member of lodge 540."

Tune—"Croppies lie down."

When the paddies of Erin took a pike in each hand,
And wisely concerted reform in the land;
Ough, and all that's before them they'd drive, to be sure,
And for conjured up grievances each had a cure.

But down, down, Croppies, &c.

What generals and captains, my boys, did appear!
And each polished youth thought the case was quite clear;
It was, "By my shoul, honies, the English shall dance
To the tune of Ca Ira—for we shall join France."

Down, down, &c.

But agra, the sad change all the nabobs doth rue,
For thousands appear dressed in orange and blue;
And oh, wirristrue, I'm told that before
Poor Teague shall be easy we'll have thousands more.

Down, down, &c.

And each manly breast that wears orange and blue,
Contains but one heart,—but, faith, that one is true ;
No wonder poor Croppies the Orange despise,
For the good and the loyal most dearly we prize.

Down, down, &c.

Troth, Paddy a vurneen, you'll never succeed,
For a scourge we shall be to your delicate breed ;
The hopes of proud France, O hone, are laid low,
And the heads of your party a voyage must go.

Down, down, &c.

FINIS.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN

1894

PUBLICATION OF ANNUAL BALLADS, POETRY AND PROSE LITERATURE

ESTABLISHED 1894

CHARTER, 1894

THE SOUTH AFRICAN, LONDON, 1894

W. H. BAKER, LONDON, 1894
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Subscription 21 2/6

A new work is being published, and will be delivered to the Editor of the South African, at Mr. Richard's Printing Office, 111 St. Martin's Lane, London, and subscriptions are invited.

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The Society is bound to pay the cost of the work.

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The Editor may have the work already printed, or printed by the Publisher, or by the Editor. The Editor may have the work printed by the Publisher, or by the Editor.

And now, my dear friend, I have written to you
 the first of my letters. I hope you will find it
 interesting. I am sure you will find it so.
 I am, my dear friend, ever your
 affectionate friend,
 James Oglethorpe.

I have written to you a letter, and I hope
 you will find it interesting. I am sure
 you will find it so. I am, my dear friend,
 ever your affectionate friend,
 James Oglethorpe.

The Percy Society,

FOR THE

PUBLICATION OF ANCIENT BALLADS, POETRY,
AND POPULAR LITERATURE.

ESTABLISHED 1840.

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Subscription £1 per Annum.

A new work is issued on the first day of every alternate Month, and will be delivered to the order of each Member, at Mr. Richards's Printing Office, 100 St. Martin's Lane, where also Subscriptions are received.

Subscriptions become due in advance on the 1st of May in each year, and no books are considered due until the subscription has been paid.

The Society is limited to Five Hundred Members.

Persons wishing to become Members are requested to send their names to the SECRETARY, care of Mr. Richards, 100, St. Martin's Lane, London, where all communications on the affairs of the Society should be addressed.

New Members may have the Works already printed, on payment of the Subscription for those years. No complete Sets remain of the Publications of the First Year.

The Percy Society.

AT a General Meeting of the PERCY SOCIETY, held in the Rooms of the Royal Society of Literature, on the 1st of May, 1847,—

The Right Hon. LORD BRAYBROOKE, President, in the Chair,—

The Secretary read the Report of the Council, dated the 1st of May, whereupon it was—

Resolved—That the Report be received and adopted, and the thanks of the Society be given to the Council for their services.

The Report of the Auditors, dated the 29th April, was read by the Secretary, whereupon it was—

Resolved—That the Report of the Auditors be received and adopted, and that the thanks of the Society be given them for their services.

The Meeting then proceeded to the election of Officers and Council, when—

THE RT. HON. LORD BRAYBROOKE, F.S.A.

was elected President,

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THOMAS AMYOT, Esq. F.R.S., F.S.A.

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WILLIAM HENRY BLACK, Esq.

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THOMAS WRIGHT, Esq. M.A., F.S.A., *Treasurer and Secretary.*

were elected Council of the Society, and W. Chaffers, Jun. Esq., Captain Johns, R.M., and E. R. Moran, Esq., were elected Auditors for the ensuing year.

The thanks of the Society were then voted to the editors of the Publications of the past year ; to Thomas Wright, Esq., for his services as Treasurer and Secretary ; to the Royal Society of Literature, for the use of their Rooms for the Anniversary Meeting ; to the University of Cambridge, for the liberal loan of two MSS. of the Canterbury Tales of Chaucer ; and to the President, for the warm interest which he has always taken in the proceedings of the Society.

ANNUAL REPORT.

MAY 1st, 1847.

THE Council of the PERCY SOCIETY rejoices that it can again lay before the Society at large an encouraging statement of its condition and finances. In no previous year has the Society closed its labours with so large a real balance in hand. The number of members has been encreasing, though slowly, for the number of names added to the list during the year exceeds that of those of whom it has been deprived by death and other causes. Still, in pointing out to attention how much has been done by the economical application of the comparatively small funds at its disposal, the Council avails itself of the opportunity of urging upon the members individually the expediency in every point of view of making its objects more generally known, in the hope that, by filling up its originally prescribed number of members, its usefulness may be proportionally increased.

The value set upon the Society's publications is apparent, not only from the increasing prices given for them, when they find their way into the market, but by the number of back sets which have been taken by new members during the past year, although the first year is already so much exhausted that no more than five of its publications can now be supplied.

During the past year the Council has been enabled to carry into effect one of its proposed series of works of more standard character in the older literature of the country, by the publi-

cation of the first volume of a new edition of the Canterbury Tales of Chaucer. It is confidently expected that the second volume will be ready for delivery on the 1st of September; and the present condition of the society leads the Council to hope that it will be able eventually to make this a complete edition of all Chaucer's works, edited, with notes, from the best manuscripts now existing. A new and carefully-revised text of the Poems of the Earl of Surrey is also preparing under the editorial care of Mr. Bolton Corney, and is designed to form one of the next year's publications. The Council has also taken into consideration a suggestion made at the last Anniversary Meeting, on the propriety of giving the members an index of the separate pieces contained in the various publications of the Society since its commencement, for the convenience of general reference; and an index of this description is now in preparation, the compilation of which has been kindly undertaken by one of the members.

The publications for the last year have been—

i. A Dialogue on Wit and Folly, by John Heywood, now first printed from the original MS. by F. W. Fairholt, F.S.A.

ii. A Collection of Proverbs and Popular Sayings relating to the Seasons, the Weather, and Agricultural Pursuits. By M. A. Denham.

iii. Popular Songs, illustrative of the French Invasions of Ireland. Part II. Edited, with Introductions and Notes, by T. Crofton Croker, Esq.

iv. The Canterbury Tales of Geoffrey Chaucer. A new Text, with Illustrative Notes. Edited by Thomas Wright, Esq., M.A., F.S.A., etc. Vol. I.

v. The most pleasant Song of Lady Bessy; and how she married King Henry the Seventh of the House of Lancaster. Edited by Jas. O. Halliwell, Esq.

The concluding portion of Mr. Croker's Popular Songs illustrative of the French Invasions of Ireland, is also ready,

but it will be held back a few days in order that the Titles to the volumes and the Report of the Annual Meeting may be delivered along with it.

During the past year, also, the following additions have been made to the list of suggested publications.

1. Specimens of Popular English Poetry of the Fifteenth Century, from a MS. in private hands, never before used by Literary Antiquaries.

2. A Collection of Military Ballads, as a Companion to the Collection of Naval Ballads already published by the Society.

3. Festive Songs of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries, to be edited by W. Sandys, Esq. F.S.A.

4. The Interlude of the Four Elements, to be edited by J. O. Halliwell, Esq., F.S.A.

5. An inedited Play of Massinger, entitled "Believe as you list," to be edited by T. Crofton Croker, Esq. F.S.A., from the original manuscript in his own possession.

6. A curious satirical tract of the seventeenth century, entitled "The Man in the Moon," to be edited by J. O. Halliwell, Esq.

7. A Selection from the Roxburghe Ballads now in the British Museum.

8. A new edition of Barclay's Eclogues.

Among other works suggested for future publication, the following may be specified:

1. The Poems of Hoccleve. To be Edited by W. H. Black, Esq.

2. A Collection of Ballads relating to the Persecutions of the Roman Catholics in the North of England, during the Reign of Elizabeth.

3. A Collection of Satirical Songs and Ballads on Costume, commencing with the Reign of Henry III, with Illustrative Notes, and Introduction. By F. W. Fairholt, Esq., F.S.A.

4. An Edition of Heywood's "Dialogue contayning in effect the number of al the Proverbes in the English Tongue compact in a matter concerning two marriages."

5. A Collection of Ballads, in old French and English, relating to Cocayne. To be Edited by T. Wright, Esq.

6. A Collection of Jacobite Ballads and Fragments, many of them hitherto unpublished. To be edited by William Jerdan, Esq. M.R.S.L.

7. A Collection of Charms, illustrative of English superstitions in former days. From early manuscripts.

8. "Rede me and be nott wrothe." A Satire on Cardinal Wolsey, by William Roy.

9. The History of the Office of Poet Laureate in England, with Notices of the existence of similar offices in Italy and Germany. By James J. Scott, Esq.

10. Historical Ballads, in the Scottish Dialect, relating to events in the years 1570, 1571, and 1572; from the copies preserved in the Library of the Society of Antiquaries, London. To be edited by David Laing, Esq., F.S.A.Sc.

11. A Selection from the Poems of Taylor the Water-Poet.

10. A Continuation of the Collection of Ballads, by J. Payne Collier, Esq., F.S.A.

The Council may be allowed to repeat the invitation made in its former Reports, to Members of the Society and others, to suggest new works for consideration. The Society is obliged to all gentlemen who may contribute rare tracts or ballads from private collections; as well as to the different Editors, by whose zeal and gratuitous labours they may be ushered into the world. In the present year it has especially to acknowledge its obligations to the liberality of the University of Cambridge, for the loan of two valuable manuscripts of "Chaucer's Canterbury Tales."

J. S. MOORE, *Chairman.*

THOMAS WRIGHT, *Secretary.*

REPORT OF THE AUDITORS FOR 1847.

WE, the Auditors appointed by the Percy Society to examine the Accounts of the Treasurer, from the 29th of April 1846, to the 28th of April 1847, certify that the Treasurer has exhibited his Accounts to us, and that we have thoroughly examined the same, together with his Receipts and other Vouchers, and that we find them to be perfectly correct and satisfactory.

And we further report that the following is a correct abstract of the Receipts and Expenditure of the Society, during the period to which we have referred :

RECEIPTS.

	£	s.	d.
Subscriptions paid for the year ending May 1, 1847 ...	198	0	0
Arrears received during the year, including six sets of the Society's publications taken by new Members ...	106	0	0
Balance in hand from the last year's Account	20	0	10
Subscriptions received in advance for the year ending May 1, 1848	16	0	0

£340 0 10

And we also certify that the Treasurer has reported to us, that there remain unreceived a considerable number of Subscriptions for the past year ; a circumstance which subjects the operations of the Society to much uncertainty, and narrows the field of its utility.

April 28, 1847.

Signed { ROBERT BELL,
EDWARD RALEIGH MORAN.

EXPENDITURE.

	£	s.	d.
To Mr. Richards for Printing (including for Advertising, £7. 12s.; Insuring Stock, £1. 10s.; Warehousing, £2. 2s.; and Delivery of Books and other Expenses, £12. 1s.).....	167	6	6
To Mr. Fuller for Paper	69	0	0
For Binding	8	0	0
For Engraving.....	3	16	0
Expenses allowed to Agents.....	0	4	0
Additional Advertising	0	17	0
Payments connected with the Editing of Chaucer, Vol. I. and the obtaining the MSS. from Cambridge	28	6	5
Transcripts	0	16	4
Petty Expenses, Postage, &c.	8	7	3
	286	13	6
Balance in hand.....	53	7	4
	£340	0	10

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